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REAL LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND

THE PIONEER OF NEW ENGLAND

REAL LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND

By G. WALDO BROWNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALEXANDER KEY

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CHICAGO

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THE UNKNOWN INDIAN
INSPIRING LIVES OF SIXTY FAMOUS MEN
ADVENTURES OF LAFAYETTE
WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD
OFT-TOLD TALES OF LINCOLN

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INTRODUCTION

A legend or legendary story relates events of past years or past centuries. A legend is a narrative based on tradition, yet having elements of truth. For instance we can recall reading in our childhood the legends of the Norsemen, of King Arthur, of Joan of Arc and other characters in history. About all of these people there is a mist of romance and a kind of glamor which makes them always interesting.

Many legends about the early New England settlers have been born and have survived the test of time. These too have a foundation of fact. But they have in addition this same romantic feeling which lifts these tales of early pioneer life out of the realm of plain, simple fact into the world of imagination.

The life of the present day child is absorbing indeed. He is very busy living the important thing of the moment, be it a radio, a basketball game or the care of his garden. He takes much for granted. His mode of transportation is easy and quick. His companions live close at hand.

His imagination however can very readily be stirred when he reads about exciting events which

took place over one hundred and fifty years ago. He can realize the tremendous courage which was required to swim Lake Champlain on a cold night in the fall in order to deliver military dispatches. He can see Johnny Van Arsdale climbing to the top of the flagpole in order to replace the flag flying there with our own emblem. He will find renewed pleasure in reading about Paul Revere's famous ride to Lexington to arouse the Minute Men.

This child will like equally well a legend perhaps not so well known but as romantic as the one about Paul Revere. This one has to do with Colonel Goffe and Colonel Whalley who fled to New England to escape death at the hands of Charles II of England. As a story the legend of the Outlawed Colonels enjoys no such reputation as that of Paul Revere. But it reveals in equal measure the spirit of the times and in greater measure the extreme religious feeling of the people.

In "Real Legends of New England" it is to be hoped that readers will receive a true picture of times when life was simple, rugged and full of hazards; and that they will also enjoy recalling how the foundations of our country were laid and how this building continued until the original Thirteen Colonies became the United States of America.

ELEANOR GOULD

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLONIAL TIMES

The Old Charter Oak 13
The New England Pocahontas 28
The Message of Passaconnaway 35
Passaconnaway's Farewell 39
Joe English's Leap 42
The Outlawed Colonels 47
The Snowshoe Scout's Tragedy 57
A Pioneer Woman's Heroism 64
Ocean Mary 72
The Romance of New England's Newgate Prison 78
A Brave Maiden 87

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

The Lexington of the Seas 105
The Sword of Bunker Hill 119
Paul Revere 128
New England's Joan of Arc 139
Ethan Allen's Boy Guide 148
The Scout of Silver Pond 157
Young Dick Jones, A Hero of '76 169

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Continued)

The Volunteer Swimmer of Lake Champlain.. 178
The Martyrdom of Nathan Hale..... 184
John Paul Jones 196
The Flag of Fort George..... 206

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

The Sisters' Call to Arms 211
The Post Rider's Winter Race..... 218
Oliver Hazard Perry 225
Old Ironsides 241

ILLUSTRATIONS

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The Pioneer of New England.....Frontispiece

Joseph Wadsworth hid the Charter in the Old Oak Tree 12

The noble old chieftain outspread his arms as if eager to meet the Great Spirit..... 41

"O my friends! You have given me a glad surprise" 61

She headed her light craft toward the tide.... 97

A splendid horseman, he rode away furiously upon his dangerous mission..... 133

Richard Wallace and Ephraim Webster had no idea of giving up the swim..... 181

Once Ginery felt the whole structure tremble and sway beneath him..... 217

JOSEPH WADSWORTH HID THE CHARTER
IN THE OLD OAK TREE

REAL LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND

COLONIAL TIMES

THE OLD CHARTER OAK

A long, long time ago an acorn fell from its parent oak and dropped among the leaves and decaying vegetable matter which had been accumulating for years. The acorn had fallen in a fertile spot, for it grew and grew until it stood a stalwart sapling among its kind.

Every one should know the real story of the Old Charter Oak. Every tree whispers its own story. But much greater is the interest in a tree which had sprung into life before the white men came to New England. Trees that sheltered the Red Men; trees that were refuge for the wild animals; trees that waved their slender branches—arms we should call them—to each other in days of peace, or bowed their heads in silence before a storm. Yes, there was wonder, grandeur, majesty in an old primeval growth. We should venerate every kind of tree and not least among them the lordly oak.

Among them all not one had a more interesting story than the wide spreading oak that

stood within sound of the rolling Connecticut River, where the city of Hartford now covers acres and acres of ancient ground.

The Indians came and went like bees. Some were bent on hunting; some were intent on fishing. Under its shade war parties halted and held their councils. Not far away battles were fought, when rival tribes invaded this domain. No white men were here in that far-away day.

These warlike scenes were not pleasant for the oak. He had never fought with his tree people. Other oaks grew and shed their acorns near by, but he felt no envy for them. The birch, the maple and the elm lived their lives and there was no quarrel among them. There was room and time for them all. Each did his part, lived his life and went into the past.

On an autumn day two Red Men came along the forest aisle, talking fiercely between themselves. They were angry and boastful. Then one of them broke the rough bark away from the side of the oak and bruised the wood. Soon they began to shoot arrow after arrow at the open wound. This was not done out of malice. They were simply trying to settle a challenge in regard to their skill with the bow and arrow. When the older one had sent his arrow truer

than his companion the dispute was over. They went away better friends. But the event was an important one in the life of the oak.

One sunny, summer afternoon a happier incident took place under his kindly shade. Two Indian lovers this time strolled here and paused. They spoke in low tones, but the old Oak heard every loving word and rejoiced over their happiness. He must have smiled in his heart of hearts and wished them many years of joy. They must have loved him for his kindliness, for they came many times, season after season. They grew older and wiser, but never forgot him. Then by and by only the woman came and cried so softly. He knew then her mate was dead, and he wept with her. After all life is brief, and the day came when she did not keep her tryst. He knew then she had joined her mate in Spirit Land.

The old Oak did not forget them any more than he forgot the warriors who made the scar upon his heart. Thousands of other incidents he saw and did not forget. He remembered, clearest of all perhaps, the little squirrels that played at hide and seek among his branches. He remembered the nuts they ate and the nuts they took away for the long, cold

winters. He kept the memory of the panther that slept one long bitter, stormy winter's night sheltered among his arms. Thousands of other incidents that crowded into his long and busy life did he remember.

So generation after generation of the Red Men wound their ways hither and departed, until there seemed to be only birth and life and death in the family of man. Some must come while others departed. So the chain was constantly being mended before it was broken.

Animals whelped, and grew, and lived and died, one by one, with little difference in number. Plants and trees sprang from the tiny seed and grew and perished year by year, until it seemed that only the rolling river and he were immortal.

Then the day came, a long time after, when a war party of Red Men came to him with a tale of wonder. Strange people had come to the land of the Indians. The Red Men were awed. He heard them say these newcomers were not brown-skinned like them, but pale, very pale. They covered their bodies with strange mantles, and they had come from the sea in big, big boats.

Another day he himself saw a boatload of

these singular people. He now did not wonder the Red Men trembled. The seamen called their leader Block, which told him they were Dutchmen. Finding the sea-tide not flowing far up the stream, these men called it "Fresh River." Then the Dutchmen sailed away and he never expected to see them again.

If he did not see them again, more of their countrymen came in the summer of 1633 who began to trade in furs with the Red Men. These strangers bought from the Indians by trade a strip of land one-third of a mile in width and one mile in length. In that trade, though he was not mentioned, the Oak knew he had been sold. But he slept that night as peacefully as before.

On this land, which is now within the bounds of the City of Hartford, was built the first block-house ever raised in Connecticut. It looked so strange to the Oak, who had seen only the Red Men's wigwam. It had cost the lives of some of his fellow-trees, whose trunks made its wall.

The Dutch called this the "House of Hope" and declared it was a peaceful trading post, free to all Indians who came hither in good faith.

The Oak began to wonder what would happen next, for one incident followed another very rapidly. The greatest surprise came when the Dutch sold out to other newcomers.

These last people came up the river in boats, just as the Dutch had come. They had evidently come with the purpose of staying, for they brought with them all the parts of a house, timbers, boards, shingles, everything needed to construct a dwelling for a civilized person.

He soon overheard that these men had come from a colony far away which was known as Plymouth, in Massachusetts. They belonged to the band of Pilgrims. Sailing up the river to where Windsor now stands they set up their house, the first frame building in the state of Connecticut, but not then known as a state.

Great trees, noble trees were cut down by their sharp tools, until he began to tremble for his fate. But he was spared, as he learned, through the request of the Red Men, who told the whites how the Oak had always disclosed to them the day when they should plant their maize, "when his leaves had grown to the size of the ears of a mouse."

Perhaps the Oak felt a bit proud to know he had been so useful. They may have hon-

ored him for his great age. He had lived long, very long.

The old Oak had seen many joyous scenes. He had known of sorrow. But the happiest surprise of his long life was the coming on one fair June morning in 1636, of more white people than he had ever seen at one time.

This big party was made up of men, women and children; and there were babies among them. There were those who were sick and had to be carried on litters. There were old people as well as young. They had oxen and cows and calves just beginning to run around. They had wagons and tents, and they built fires to cook their food. They milked the cows, and plucked berries growing by the edges of meadows as they came along. They drank the pure, clear water from springs; they forded rivers. They made friends with the Indians as they came over their long route, the miles of forests that lay between them and their former homes in the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Now as they had reached the end of their journey which must have seemed like a picnic to many of them, the June sky was clear and sunny. The woods were green and the birds were singing their happiest songs. The Oak's

foliage never looked brighter and greener, where the merriest songsters sang their lays of welcome.

This band of happy people was Mr. Hooker's Company that had come on foot all the way from Cambridge in Massachusetts. The Reverend Thomas Hooker and the members of his church had come from England, so the Oak learned from what he overheard, to escape religious and political persecution. They were not satisfied with the prospect held out to them in Massachusetts. So, old and young undaunted, to the number of over one hundred, picked up their belongings and traveled overland to the Massachusetts country in the Connecticut valley.

For a time these people were under the government of Massachusetts, thinking they were still within her jurisdiction. It soon became evident that they must have laws to govern them whose authority must be nearer home. So the wisest men among them devised a series of laws from which came the first written constitution for the government of this isolated colony in Connecticut, the first example of a written constitution organizing a government and placing its power among its officials. This

document was read in the Hartford Meeting House on January 14, 1639.

This constitution seemed to be satisfactory for over twenty years. But white men, as well as Indians, quarreled among themselves. A civil war at home in England, quite upset affairs there. A new king, Charles the Second, had come to the English throne, and the people in Connecticut began to fear they should lose something of their independence.

So Governor Winthrop was sent over to obtain a charter which should secure them their liberties. The Oak overheard the men talking of this, and from what they said Winthrop proved a wise and diplomatic emissary. He came back with the most liberal charter granted to any American colony. Two copies of this famous charter were made, one sent here while the other was kept by Governor Winthrop.

He never forgot the queer-shaped, leather-covered box which held this precious document. It was read before the General Assembly on October 9, 1662, and the voters were so well pleased with it that a Day of Thanksgiving was appointed to take place twenty days later. It was publicly declared

"to belong to them and their successors forever." So October 29, 1662, was Thanksgiving Day, and Samuel Wyllys, whose house stood under the shade of the Oak, was appointed one of the first keepers of the remarkable charter.

Time had already set its seal upon the giant trunk of the Oak. The mark of the Indian archers had grown deeper and deeper, until it had touched his heart, so he was beginning to grow hollow. Still he was stout, strong and robust. He still defied the autumn gale, while the wintry blasts blew through his naked branches without making him tremble. He was good for many, many years more, as it proved.

He saw the Dutchmen crowded out, and three towns of English settlement built up. These were named, according to English custom, after old country towns, Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield. These towns were the beginning of the new order of things in Connecticut.

For twenty-five years the people lived very well under this charter, and then word came to them that another change in the rule of Great Britain had taken place. A plan had been arranged by which all of New England

would come under one government. While the old country claimed that frequent quarrels and disputes among the small colonies had made considerable trouble, the government of Connecticut objected to being classed with another colony. They had lived well under their present charter and did not want to give it up.

The news next came that Sir Edmund Andros had been appointed Governor and that he was on his way to take charge. Andros had been Governor of New York a few years before and he was not liked.

In the midst of the colonists' anxiety the new governor appeared among them late in the afternoon of October 31, 1687. He had ridden from Norwich, over forty miles on horseback that day and he was tired and dusty when he rode into Hartford. There were no bridges and few ferries in those days. Accordingly neither he nor his escort were in a very good frame of mind when upon arriving in Hartford, they found the assembly in session.

Proud and overbearing in his court dress, a soldier as well as a courtier, it is easy to imagine the surprise of that assembly as he and his officials strode into their midst. Very

plain and matter-of-fact did the simple lawmakers of Connecticut appear.

Governor Treat who had been elected by the people, immediately surrendered his seat to the newcomer, who quickly ordered that the King's commission which appointed him Governor of Connecticut, should be read. He then dissolved the old government and announced the new. The charter was called for and with no authority to oppose him, this was brought in and laid on the table. Every heart beat quickly now as they saw their precious document which had served them so well and had declared and maintained their freedom in peril.

Robert Treat, their beloved governor, arose and began to speak in defense of the charter. He spoke in a low voice but slowly and distinctly so that every word was heard. He told how the people loved that document, how they had worked for it and the cost in blood and treasure it had been to them.

The debate was long and it was late in the evening now, so the patriotic speaker stood dimly outlined by the candles which had been lighted.

"I know not and I care not how well the new gov——"

Suddenly and simultaneously every candle in the room was extinguished, so utter darkness reigned. Utter confusion followed until flint and a tinder box were brought forward so that the candles could be relighted. No one had left the room but when they came to look for the charter it was missing. In that short interval of darkness the document had vanished.

Who had put out the candles? Had the fall wind blown them out? No one would tell. A member of the Assembly risked his reputation by saying it was All-Hallowe'en, when strange things were likely to happen.

When every one had been searched and Governor Andros was satisfied it was not in the room, he went on with his new government without stopping to declare the old form overruled. In a way, their charter had been spared and the members of the old Assembly did not feel so keenly the sting of the new.

What had really become of the Charter? Let the Oak whisper its great secret. It was locked in his heart, safe and whole. How did it get there when it was known that no man had left the room? Major John Talcott had snatched it from the table in that moment of darkness and thrown it out of the window.

His son-in-law, a bold and daring youth named Joseph Wadsworth, had seized it and rushed to the hollow Oak. He had recalled the hollow made by the Indian marksmen years before. Joseph thrust it far into the dark cavity where only those who knew were likely to find it.

The administration of Governor Andros did not prove popular with these freedom-loving people. Changes were taking place fast in England, and two years later she had new rulers when William and Mary came to the throne. Andros had been sent back in disgrace.

Then the old Charter was brought from its hiding place—it had been taken from the Oak —and the government was resumed under its laws. When the Colony of Connecticut became the State of Connecticut on the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, there was no need to alter the charter, it was so good, so wise and broad in its statements. So it remained until 1818 when the present state constitution was formed. We cannot but feel proud of the Oak for the part he played in helping to save the Charter.

All bodies have their end. The last day of the grand old Oak, which had outlived one race of men and seen another firmly planted on

their soil came on August 21, 1856. A terrific wind wound its powerful arms about his rugged branches and turned and twisted his hollow trunk until it broke about six feet above the ground.

The news of his downfall spread far and wide, and a great number of people came to see the ruins. Some came out of curiosity, but most of them came out of reverence for the part the old Oak had acted in the history of Connecticut; while still others linked him with the traditions of the Red Men.

The bells of Hartford tolled in grateful remembrance and the flags were draped in mourning. Today the Connecticut Historical Society has a section of his historic trunk kept sacredly, and one copy of the precious charter is kept by this society. In the State Library, carefully protected in a fireproof apartment and framed in the wood from the Old Oak hangs the other copy of the Connecticut Charter in a good state of preservation. It bears the portrait of King Charles the Second, with its letters plainly seen as they showed on the day it was presented to Governor John Winthrop more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

THE NEW ENGLAND POCAHONTAS

No heroine of American story is more widely known or admired than the brave and beautiful Indian maid, Pocahontas, who saved the life of that dashing prince of adventurers, John Smith. He had fallen into the hands of the powerful Powhatan at the head of a great band of Red Men, and had been sentenced to death.

At the critical moment when the Indians were about to take the life of the captive white man, Pocahontas rushed forward and shielded his body with her own slender form. The stern old chieftain talked to Pocahontas against this act, but without avail; and he finally yielded to her wishes and spared the Englishman's life.

The romantic attachment of the simple Indian girl for this adventurous gallant has been told time and again. Finally Pocahontas married a follower of Smith named Rolfe, and went to England to live with him.

The end of this romantic incident is told very truthfully, but as a matter of fact it was not Pocahontas who saved the life of John

Smith, but another Indian girl, quite as beautiful and fully as brave.

John Smith kept a journal of his adventures and explorations. He made his first voyage along the coast of New England in 1614, and two years later published a book of his travels. In the first edition of this work he describes his capture by the Indians and how he was saved by a young girl, the daughter of the chief. He did not give the name of the heroine, but he fixed the date and location so there can be no doubt about the action of the little drama.

A few years later there was a second and revised edition of his work in which the editors, for reasons best known to themselves, ascribed the life-saving act to Pocahontas of Virginia, who had now become well known. All this is history and the curious have only to turn to the writings of the noted explorer to verify the story of the real heroine of John Smith's life.

During his voyage of exploration along the coast of New England he frequently ran in at coves or harbors, where he would not only survey the shore but would make trips into the interior for some distance. Thus he gained information of the country and people which

enabled him to draw the first map of the New England coast. It was he who gave this name to the country.

At many places he would be hailed by the natives as a conquering hero and be feasted amid loud acclaims; at other times the Indian inhabitants, frightened at his warlike appearance, would retreat to one of their hiding places. Again it might be that he would be met by a superior number of armed foes and would be only too glad to return to his ship with his small band of followers.

In the course of his journey he came to the wide mouth of the Pascataqua River. Here he moored his little fleet of three small vessels, had his boat lowered from the davits and accompanied by half a dozen companions, started up the stream intent on discovering what he could of the surrounding territory.

It was a beautiful summer day and we can well imagine the wonder and admiration with which this little party gazed upon the scene lavish in its display of natural beauty. The banks of the river which gradually grew narrower as they advanced, were overhung with a wealth of water-bushes and alders festooned with vines and woodland drapery. Above these and extending farther than the eye

could see, were expansive forests of pine and other woods. If there was a man living who could appreciate such a scene it was John Smith, who had traveled over most of the then known world.

So rapt were the party in their sightseeing they did not think of any peril that might be overhanging them, until without warning a series of wild war whoops rang out upon the silence with such volume and fearfulness that they were dazed and bewildered. Before they could rally to offer defense, they found themselves captives of a score or more of half-clad natives who knew neither mercy nor compassion.

In triumph John Smith and his comrades were marched to a rendezvous not far from the river. Here the Red Men held a brief council as to what they should do with these bold intruders into their country. It did not take them long to decide that the leader should be put to death, while the others might be held as captives for a time. So the brave John Smith, who had mingled in real wars, fought often single-handed and been the hero of many adventures, was securely bound by thongs of greenhide to a young sapling.

However hopeless appeared his chance of

escape he was too brave to evidence any signs of fear. As calmly as he would have met his enemies under more favorable circumstances, John Smith held up his head boldly before his would-be slayers.

Some Indians used to torment their captives by shooting at them with their arrows or throwing hatchets and clubs as near as they could without hitting their victims. Often the boys were allowed to share in this, to them rare sport. One arrow after another was sent toward him; and one after another buried itself in the tree so near his head that he dared not move, realizing that the next winged shaft might be the fatal one.

Among the onlookers was the young daughter of the chief, Enewa, a beautiful Indian princess. Impressed by the brave appearance of the handsome white man, she pleaded with her father to spare his life. He saw nothing but the whim of a girl in her request and refused to grant her wish.

John Smith saw her pleading with the chief and though he did not understand her language, he knew by the eloquence of her gestures and the light in her eyes that he had a good friend at court. He watched with keen interest if not anxiety, while the arrows came thicker, faster and nearer.

Finally Enewa, the Laughing Daughter, seeing she was wasting her time in useless endeavor to find mercy in the heart of her stern father, suddenly changed her tactics.

To the utter amazement of all, she sprang forward and threw her arms about the neck of the doomed captive, while she covered him with her body. Not an archer dared to send another arrow on its deadly mission lest it should harm the chief's daughter.

The angered chief ordered the girl to be torn away from the white man. But Enewa showed her intention to save the prisoner by holding on to him with a clutch that could not be broken without doing her harm. Either the white stranger must be spared or she would die with him.

A council between the Indians, John Smith and his comrades followed, the result of which was a friendly acquaintance. When the whites came to depart, the chief and some of his warriors accompanied them on their way. At the separation gifts were exchanged and cordial words spoken.

John Smith gave Enewa many gifts. When parting with Laughing Daughter, his brave young friend who had saved his life, he gave her a bright button from his uniform which we may believe she kept and cherished all of

her life. This is the true story of how John Smith's life was saved—not by Pocahontas, the Princess of Werowocomoco, but Enewa, the Laughing Daughter of the sachem of the Newichwannocks.

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THE MESSAGE OF PASSACONNAWAY

It was a custom among the Indians for their chieftain, when borne down with age and cares, to call together his people and deliver a farewell speech. On these occasions the sachems would relate in song and speech the most prominent incidents in their lives and give words of advice to their followers.

Passaconnaway was for many years sachem of the Penacook Indians. When nearly a hundred years old he finally felt that it was time for him to transfer the government of his subjects to his son, Wonnalancet, and retire. Accordingly messengers were sent out to the chiefs of the confederated tribes to assemble upon this memorable day.

Not only the chiefs but the warriors of the different tribes gathered at the old rendezvous at Amoskeag, where the apostle Eliot had first preached to them. Here they listened to the last message of their great sachem who through his wisdom, power of eloquence and knowledge of the mysteries of nature held an unbounded influence over them.

Though stoics by nature the great Indian gathering to a man showed uncommon feeling of sorrow and solemnity as their aged chief-

tain rose to address them. He displayed a splendid remnant of that manhood, dignity and power which in years gone had soothed them in hours of passion and moulded them to his purpose in times of war. Passaconnaway allowed his eagle-like gaze to rest upon them a brief while before he began his farewell, the deep, resonant tone of his voice now tremulous with emotion:

"Hearken to the words of your father. I am an old oak that has withstood the storms of many, many winters. Leaves and branches have been stripped from me by the winds and frosts; my eyes are dim; my limbs totter; I must soon fall. When young and sturdy no young man of the Penacooks could bend my bow; my arrow could pierce the deer at a hundred yards; I could bury my hatchet in a sapling. No wigwam had so many furs; no pole so many scalplocks as Passaconnaway's. Then I gloried in war! If the Mohawks entered our hunting grounds, I bade them defiance. The whoops of the Penacooks silenced their voices; and no war song was as loud as Passaconnaway's. The scalplocks that dried before my wigwam door told the story of the victor of that day. The boastful Mohawks came no more.

"Then, in their place came the Palefaces. The lands of our forefathers—our lands—were taken from us. I sought refuge at Amoskeag, at the Brave Lands.[1] They hunted me down; I rallied my warriors as of old, and my war-cry rang above the roar of swift waters. They fought us with fire and thunder; my young men were swept before me like leaves torn from the parent stem by the autumn gale. I tried the magic of my sorcery—in vain.

"Like the budding leaves of spring they came in great numbers. In my despair I gave them Pawtucket, Amoskeag, Penacook, only pleading that they would spare me my beautiful island of Natticook.[2] I, who can make the dry leaf turn green and live again; I, who can take in my palm as I would a worm the rattlesnake; I, who have seen the Great Spirit in dreams and talked with him awake; I, as brave as the bravest, as strong as the strongest, as wise as the wisest—I am like a reed before their tempest.[3]

"Now, children, heed my dying words. The

[1] On the plains to the north of the city of Concord, New Hampshire.

[2] An island in the Merrimack opposite Litchfield.

[3] Passaconnaway was a great necromancer among the Indians.—THE AUTHOR.

oak will soon break before the whirlwind; it shivers and shakes even now; soon its trunk will lie on the bosom of mother earth; the ant and the worm will live upon it. Then think, my children, of the message I leave with you. I commune with the Great Spirit. He whispers to me now, 'Tell your people peace, peace is the only hope of your race. I have given the Palefaces fire and thunder for weapons; I have made them plentier than the leaves of the forest; and yet they will come. Your hunting grounds shall be their gamelands; your meadows shall be furrowed by their powerful hoes; your forests shall fall before their mighty hatchets; on your fishing places shall they build their abodes, till the poor Red Man is forgotten.'

"The Great Spirit says this, and it must be so. We are few and growing weaker. We must bend before the storm; the old oak trembles; its branches are gone; its sap has dried with the summer heat. The tall tree bends; it breaks; it falls. Peace, peace with the white man is the command of the Great Spirit; and the wish, the last wish of Passaconnaway."

PASSACONNAWAY'S FAREWELL

Passaconnaway delivered his farewell message to his followers about 1665 and though not active, he lived two or three years afterwards. There is no record to show where or when he died. There is, however, a fine legend associated with his fate which is as interesting as it is fanciful.

Among the places where the sachem was wont to meet with his advisers was the picturesque plot of land rising from the glimmering depths of Lake Massabesic, Loon Island. Here the red-browed brotherhood had sealed in blood many a compact of war, or pledged with equal solemnity some truce of peace.

The day was fair and serene, so the story runs, as a canoe with a single occupant moved leisurely out from the western shore. The canoeist was Passaconnaway. His mind more active than his hands with memories of other days—days when he came hither to meet comrades of old—his slight bark simply drifted with the tide toward its haven. While it was wafted slowly away from the pine-fronded shore, lo! a very black cloud swept rapidly over the western sky.

If at first fear overspread the countenance of the aged sachem, it quickly fled when Passaconnaway discovered, revealed in the cloud-mantle, his Master! Immediately the noble old chieftain rose upright in his canoe and outspread his arms as if eager to meet the Great Spirit. The waters which had been so calm were stirred by a mighty commotion. The clouds darkened and lowered. Strange sounds as of bodies rushing through the air followed. For a little time night seemed to have fallen upon the scene.

All this came and went very quickly. When it had passed, lo! the storm, the cloud and Passaconnaway himself had vanished. The Great Spirit had taken him up to the happy hunting ground of his Fathers. The sun shone very brightly now. The water was wonderfully clear and calm. Over Loon Island circled a bow of many tints. Was it not a fitting close to such a picturesque life as that of the old chieftain, Passaconnaway?

THE NOBLE OLD CHIEFTAIN OUTSPREAD HIS ARMS
AS IF EAGER TO MEET THE GREAT SPIRIT

JOE ENGLISH'S LEAP

Among the foothills of the Granite State is a miniature mountain of considerably less than a thousand feet in height. Not noted for its elevation, it has a sharp shoulder on the south side which is formed by a rocky wall several hundred feet in height. As if to make up for this the summit is reached from the north by a smooth, gradual ascent.

This eminence of rocks and earth was named by the pioneers of this vicinity "Joe English Hill" and as such it is known today. The origin of this name is explained by the thrilling story of adventure experienced by one of the bravest and noblest Indians known to the early settlers. His story had been told and retold many times, until the story of Joe English's leap was heard frequently around the firesides of the pioneers of New England. After the lapse of years it has lost none of its interest and is worth repeating.

Not all of the Indians were unfriendly to the early white settlers. Among those who were friendly several did excellent service as scouts and pilots, or as we would now call them, guides.

The best known of this class and most

faithful of these pilots was Merruwacomet, the son of the chief of a tribe of Red Men living near the sea coast. The name of the young warrior in the Indian language meant "the first to reach the meeting place," which was the same as saying that he was very fleet of foot. It was claimed both by the white and the Red Men that there was not a runner on the frontier who was as swift of foot as he.

The whites called him English Joe, or more often Joe English. For an act of kindness done him by the English settlers, he was always friendly to them. He was a guide on some of the most important successful scouting parties, and he was known far and wide by both the English and the Indians. As may be imagined he was as deeply hated by his race as he was respected by the whites. So the former allowed no opportunity to pass without trying to kill or capture him and there are many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes to his credit.

In fact, tales of heroism were told of Joe English until his prowess was the theme of story around many a forest bivouac. As good a marksman as the best archer of the great green wood, his arrows flew as fly the darts of sunlight to the brow of the mountain cliff.

As keen of vision as the eagle looking down upon his victim from his lofty aerie, Joe English kept watch over his enemies. As brave as the big brown bear fighting for her cub, Joe English fought his dusky foes; or, his safety depending upon the swiftness of his foot, as runs the fox so Joe English ran.

At one time while he was hunting in the Pascataquog Valley, he was surprised by a party of hostile Red Men who were eager to effect his capture if possible alive or dead. His wily enemies bent every thought and energy toward making him their prisoner. Once in their power, they would torture him with all the cruel arts at their command.

Nothing daunted by the number of his foes, Joe retreated, shaping his course westward into the deeper wilderness. Nothing could have pleased his enemies more and they gave pursuit with high expectations of capturing the object of their chase. Going at the peculiar gait of the Red Man which he was able to continue from sun to sun, Joe glided through the tangled wildwood without appearing to think of more than holding his own with the others.

So the race was kept up mile after mile, until at last the pursuers found to a certainty

that Joe was steering for the high hill which was familiar to them all as a lookout and favorite spot for signaling. Aware of the precipice that formed the opposite shoulder of the hill and realizing that Joe was running into as certain a trap as they could have set for him, the others gave expression to wild cries of triumph, the leader exclaiming:

"Me got you now, Joe! The Palefaces will see you no more."

If Joe English realized that he was voluntarily running into a trap set for him, he made no attempt to turn to right or left. He kept straight on to the top of the hill where he was met by the insurmountable precipice.

Confident now of his capture, the pursuers uttered a wild war whoop, as they rushed upon the scene in time to see the hunted man pause for a moment on the brink of the sheer abyss and then leap over the border into mid-air. The cry froze on their lips as they witnessed this fateful act, and one and all paused with feelings of horror.

Then they crept to the very edge of the rock, and peered down to the bottom a hundred feet below. They looked in vain for the body of their hated foe but were confident that he had been crushed to death upon the

jagged rocks. Finally they turned back on the trail assured that Joe had fallen a victim to his own carelessness in running headlong into such a trap. The hills rang with their cries of triumph as they retraced their course.

Meanwhile it proved that Joe English had outwitted his foes by a simple ruse. Instead of rushing blindly into a corner from which he could not hope to escape, the cunning scout had fled in that direction so as to elude his enemies. Upon reaching the brink of the precipice, he dropped upon a projecting ledge a dozen feet or more below the brow of the hill. By crouching there under the overhanging rock he escaped the sharp eyes of his pursuers.

Waiting until the last sound of their exultant war cries had died away, Joe cautiously left his hiding place and climbed back to the top of the precipice. His enemies had all disappeared and he escaped that day without further adventure.

That night he returned to the English fort at Old Dunstable with the information that the Indians were again on the war-path. To this day the place where he made his narrow escape is known as Joe English Hill.

THE OUTLAWED COLONELS

Charles I had been king of England. Those who did not believe in his method of government became strong enough and numerous enough to unite and rebel. They overthrew Charles and his supporters and the iron-willed Cromwell, the leader of the common people, became their head. He refused to be called king. In a few years this Commonwealth weakened and with the death of Cromwell, Charles II, son of Charles I, ascended the throne of England.

Charles I had been beheaded. At his trial sixty-seven judges, members of Parliament, declared him guilty of tyranny. Now, with his son on the throne, there were anxious days in Great Britain. In order to clear his father's honor Charles II declared that these judges—regicides as they were then known—should all die. Ten of them were hanged; nineteen were imprisoned for life and the others fled the country.

Among the last to escape were Edward Whalley, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and William Goffe, his son-in-law who had been a brave officer in Cromwell's army. These

exiles came to New England, the haven of many of Great Britain's sons who had been dissatisfied with the rule of Charles I. While New England had not been favored under the royal ruler, yet there were many who were not wholly against him. Governor Endicott received these fugitives kindly and even invited them to his house with no thought of what the penalty might be.

In the present day we can have but a feeble understanding of the sorrowful situation of the two men who had fled their native land, leaving behind them their homes and loved ones. But they hoped before long to be pardoned, when they could return to England. Some one who was friendly to the king saw them, and sent word back that the colonels were in New England. Warrants for their arrest soon after arrived, brought by a faithful subject.

Now we follow the loyalty and love for the exiles as displayed in the events which followed. They could have escaped all trouble simply by betraying the fugitive colonels, but this seemed like treachery to them. Neither could they afford to offend the king by openly refusing.

Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goffe were

told of their danger and advised to slip away. They left immediately and in nine days had passed through Hartford, taking almost exactly the course followed by Mr. Hooker and his company a few years before. Then passing through Guilford they reached New Haven. Governor Endicott was ordered to arrest them and send them back to England in chains. He delayed long enough to allow this news to reach New Haven by messengers; then he sent two officers to Hartford to carry out the king's order.

In Hartford Governor Winthrop gave these officials a search-warrant and told them to go to Guilford. In this town lived Acting Governor Leete. The officers showed the warrant to him and asked his help. Seeing it came from the Governor, Leete read the paper aloud in the hearing of some of his friends. They took the hint and a messenger was sent to New Haven. There was a delay of four days during which time one excuse after another was made, until the officers could see that no help was to be expected from the residents.

In the meantime the colonels had really reached New Haven, but fearing they might be discovered they fled once more, this time

finding shelter in an old mill about two miles from New Haven. While they were here, lonely and well-nigh helpless, the Reverend Mr. Davenport preached from his pulpit a sermon from the text, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." His listeners knew his words were an appeal to God to give succor to the outcasts.

In a few days on being told that their hiding place was not adequate, Goffe and Whalley went deeper into the wilderness. With a hatchet furnished them by their friends who were giving them food all the time, they built a rude camp which became known as "Hatchet Harbor."

When the good news reached them that the pursuing officers had left New Haven in disgust, they did not dare to return to the town as the town officers were still making a pretense of searching for them. Again they removed, this time to West Rock where a cave had been found for them. They remained here nearly a month, fed during this period by a man named Sperry. Finally they were frightened away from their lonely retreat by a huge catamount which had thrust its head into the mouth of the cavern. The great eyes

of the creature glaring in upon them suddenly from out the utter darkness made them realize that they were without any means of defense. So they fled from the cave to Mr. Sperry's home, about a mile away.

The weeks that followed were filled with alarm. Not daring to stay too long in one place, they lived with one friend after another until they came to the home of John Tompkins who lived near Milford. The search for them was growing more serious. Instead of one, four royal commissioners were sent into the vicinity who were determined to find the missing men. A big reward was offered for their capture and it began to look as if they would be unable to escape their pursuers.

So closely was the pursuit followed that looking out of his window one morning Colonel Goffe discovered one of the king's officers coming toward the house.

"He is coming here," declared Goffe calmly. "I tell you, John, we have caused you and others all the trouble we are going to. We thank you for your kindness but I am going to surrender."

"I am with you, William," stated Whalley. "Let me add my thanks to his, John."

"Nay, nay, sir," replied their host. "To surrender means to give up your lives to the whim of the king. It means certain death to both of you."

"But it will save you and others a lot of further trouble and we are willing to die."

"We lose time in useless debate," added John. "Go into the shed and I will deceive the officer. After he is gone, we will lay definite plans for the future."

An hour later, after Mr. Tompkins had sent the officer on a fruitless search he called the colonels into his presence. It was then decided that they had better seek refuge in the outlying town of Hadley. Here he had a friend who would be glad to protect them. For over fifteen years they lived in this town, securely hidden in the home of the Reverend John Russell.

With a patriotic zeal few could imitate, this kind man, his wife and two other men with their wives, alone knew this secret. The "spare room" which had a fireplace in the same chimney as the kitchen fireplace, was fitted up for them. A secret closet was built connecting with the cellar. Up this way was carried in a big basket the wood and provisions needed by the two men. So year after

year rolled by, slowly, very slowly to these exiles.

The secret so carefully guarded by the six people day by day, month by month and year by year, became known to one other person. This was Sammy, one of the boys in the Russell family. His room was opposite the spare room occupied by the two men and one night as he lay awake, he thought he could hear the sound of voices. He could not tell where they came from and was somewhat frightened. He listened again the next night but did not hear them.

A few nights later, however, he heard the voices again, and anxious to solve their mystery, he stepped into a closet which stood between his room and the next. He heard the voices plainer now and a streak of light came in between him and the wall of boards which he supposed covered the chimney. Finding a knot in the board he finally worked it loose and removed it.

He was surprised to find a space of at least two feet between the board wall and the chimney. While he peered through the knothole, suddenly a basket of wood was lifted upward until a door was opened on one side and a man with a long beard and snow-white

hair pulled it into the spare room. Then the door closed and the light was shut out. The murmur of voices now reached him and he was quite certain he could hear his father speaking.

Sammy was so impressed with his discovery that he could not sleep at night. He became so restless that he finally went to his father with his story of mystery, asking him to explain it all. The father could see the honesty of his ten-year-old boy; and instead of scolding him for prying into what he knew was not his affair, he very frankly trusted him with the secret, first making him promise never to tell anybody, not even his own friends.

Sammy never betrayed his father. He felt he was indeed a man to be the master of such a mystery. He knew when Colonel Whalley died and was buried in the lower corner of the garden. He came to talk frequently with Colonel Goffe whom he afterwards described as one of the finest men he ever knew. He often accompanied the outlawed man upon his lonely promenades in the garden. It was no longer a wonder to him that the fence was so high and tight that no one could look within.

This boy witnessed and understood the

strange event which took place in 1675. The good people of Hadley were at church listening to the sermon being preached by Sammy's father, when the terrible war whoop of the Pokanoket Indians under the celebrated chieftain Philip was heard. Only a few were armed. The frightened women and the unarmed men stood in great fear of being trapped.

At this critical moment a stalwart figure in flowing robes of ancient design and hair and beard falling down over his shoulders and chest, appeared in the meeting house. He shook over his head a flashing sword and cried in a tone that carried command, for the men to rally and defend themselves. There was victory in the blaze of his eyes and his whole appearance was such that the beholders believed he was a visitant from the other world. The Indians were alarmed by this sudden apparition. The men rallied and victory soon came to them while the terrified Red Men broke and fled.

However, when the surprised crowd turned to thank their champion, he too was gone. He had disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come.

William Goffe died in 1679 and was buried

by the side of his father-in-law, so at last only a memory remained of the outlawed colonels. It is not known if they ever heard from their famliies. The silence and faithfulness with which their loyal friends guarded their common secret was very remarkable. Even after Colonel Goffe had died no one dared to speak of the two men above a whisper, fearful lest some one should suffer for having helped them. A big reward was offered for Whalley and Goffe while they lived, a bounty any man could have obtained had he had the desire to betray them.

William Goffe, the regicide, had descendants who later lived in New England. Colonel John Goffe, the tutor in woodcraft, was a descendant. He was active through the French and Indian War and helped build the road, a good one in its day, from the Merrimack Valley across New Hampshire and Vermont to Crown Point. It is known that some of his descendants are now living.

THE SNOWSHOE SCOUT'S TRAGEDY

Among the heroes of the old New England frontier not one takes higher rank than Edward Hilton as a brave and successful scout. During the days of Indian warfare and invasion, though younger in years than most of his companions, he led several expeditions into the enemy's country. These trips were made in the dead of winter, so these scouts wore snowshoes which enabled them to get about with an ease and rapidity which surprised both friends and foes. For this reason they were known as the "snowshoe scouts."

Before the breaking out of these attacks of the Red Men Hilton had been on very friendly terms with them. In their dealings with the whites whenever they felt they had been ill-used, he always acted in their behalf, doing a good service to both parties. Upon the opening of hostilities, however, the Indians soon found that their old friend was the most cunning, the most skillful and the bravest of their paleface foemen.

Accordingly, a council of war was called to

decide upon what should be done with young Hilton. After several younger speakers had declared that he must die, an aged chieftain rose slowly to address the audience. After remaining silent for what must have seemed a long time to a gathering of white men, he said in a low, tremulous voice as if he were moved with uncommon feelings:

"Kancakamus is lonely tonight. He is weeping in his heart. He has lost an old-time friend, the Red Man's friend. He knew Hilton in his mother's arms. He has rocked Hilton on his knee. He has called him his friend. The friend is no more. Hilton the friend is dead. Hilton the enemy must die!

"I shall name ten of you, the boldest, the strongest, the fleetest of foot and the most cunning to find Hilton. Match your cunning against his, nor return to me until you bring his scalp! Go!" As proudly as some old Roman might have folded his toga about him, Kancakamus drew his mantle closer over his shoulders and departed from the council.

Knowing well the sagacity of the youth they had been sent to capture, alive if possible or dead if must be, the warriors sought the home of their intended victim, hoping to surprise him and effect an easy capture. In

this they were more successful than they expected to be.

Edward was hoeing corn in a field some distance from the fort. He was not only alone, but he had left his firearm leaning against a tree several yards from where he was busy engaged in cultivating the corn on that beautiful June morning.

It was not a difficult task for them to surround the patch of corn and seize the trusty gun of the farmer before he was aware of their presence. For once, with all his caution and keen sight, the young scout had been entrapped by his enemies. He saw his foes and taking in the situation at a glance, put on a bold front and advancing with open arms said:

"O my friends! You have given me a glad surprise. What can I do for you? Will you sit here while I go to the house and bring you something to eat and drink?"

"No, no! Hilton go with Indians—quick, quick!" said the leader.

"With all my heart, boys! Lead the way, good comrades. This is not the first time you and I have tramped the woods together. I have thought of your great chief many times, and I now am sure I shall have the pleasure

of meeting him. It is well. You cannot move too fast for me."

Exulting in their minds over their easy capture, though misled by their captive's unconcern, the little party of Red Men kept on for about seven miles when they came to a deserted cabin. Certain they had not aroused any suspicion at the fort and that no pursuit was being given them, the Indians decided to stop here long enough to partake of some food and to rest before resuming their long march through the forest.

Hilton continued to talk as cleverly as ever, though his captors not only fastened the door but carefully blocked every avenue of escape. Then they stacked their weapons in one corner of the room and prepared their simple repast, their prisoner helping them in this work though he declared he was not hungry enough to eat.

When the meal was over, two or three Indians busied themselves in repairing their moccasins, while the others laid down for a nap. All the time Hilton kept up his friendly conversation, asking the warriors about their success in hunting and what changes had taken place since he was among them. Finally he spoke of their firearms and boasted mildly

"O MY FRIENDS! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A GLAD SURPRISE"

of his own which his captors had placed among theirs in the corner. At last he asked permission to examine their guns. This was readily granted and as the prisoner took up each weapon, he commented in a friendly manner upon the beauty or usefulness of each gun and patted it affectionately.

"Glad to see you have such good guns. I believe they are as good as mine. And you have plenty of powder and bullets, fine shooters."

As Hilton chattered on, unnoticed by the Red Men, he had not only seen that each weapon was carefully loaded and primed, but he had as carefully cocked each firearm and stood it back against the wall so that he could seize it without hindrance.

Had the unsuspecting Red Men watched the play upon the sun-burned countenance of their prisoner more closely they might have seen a swift change come over his features. With the stern purpose of a man who is resolved to stake his life against ten, Edward Hilton, cool in purpose but as quick as a flash of lightning in his movements, caught the nearest weapon in his iron grasp and turning the gun pointblank at his nearest foe, pulled the trigger.

The scene that followed was quickly over. Report after report of the deadly weapons followed each other in rapid succession. Red Man after Red Man leaped from his hard couch only to receive a bullet in his brain and drop into his last rest quicker than he had arisen. One Indian escaped through a window and fled into the forest. Several days later, nearly famished and wild-eyed, he reached the tribe, the only messenger to bring back the story of Hilton's capture and escape.

Edward Hilton was seldom known to speak of his exploit, as if it were too sad a story to be spoken of lightly. He lived to a good old age and his grandchildren gathered about his knee to listen to the story of his strategy and escape single-handed from ten Indian captors.

A PIONEER WOMAN'S HEROISM

Some of the most heroic deeds performed by the early settlers of New England in their long series of Indian wars were accomplished by women. Among the tales of heroism the story of the captivity and escape of Hannah Dustin has been told more often than any other.

The home of the Dustin family was in the town of Haverhill, then a frontier outpost subject to frequent attacks from the aroused Indians whose violent acts kept the New England border in almost constant dread of an attack.

Early in the year 1697 accounts of depredations committed by the Indians reached the settlers of this town. But nothing serious was thought of the alarm until the middle of March when one of the bloodiest forays in border annals awakened the people to the peril of their situation.

The first place attacked by the Indians was the home of Thomas Dustin and his family. Mr. Dustin was working a short distance away from the house. Finding that a body

of Indians was skulking near his home, he hastened home to tell his wife and children of their danger.

Though he had acted promptly, before he could assist Mrs. Dustin who was sick in bed with her baby, to rise and prepare for flight, the Indians had opened an attack on the rear of the house. Seeing that the way was clear in the opposite direction, the distracted husband rallied the children who were all under seventeen years of age, and resolved to make a desperate effort to save them. At the same time he directed Mrs. Dustin and her attendants, a young woman and a boy, to be prepared for flight as soon as he should return.

An expert marksman and a trained frontiersman, Thomas Dustin succeeded in conducting his children to the nearest garrison house where they would be comparatively safe. Mr. Dustin then returned to assist his wife in her escape. But he arrived too late.

Mrs. Dustin with the assistance of her nurse, a woman named Mary Neff, had not fully dressed before the Indians broke into the house. It was a startling situation. The two women and the youth, Samuel Leonardson, trembled with fright at the sight of the

Indians in their war paint but were powerless to help themselves.

"Ugh!" grunted the leader as he brandished his tomahawk and threatened the lives of the little group. "White women come!"

A minute later these three persons and Mrs. Dustin's little baby, were made captives by the savage horde. The house was ransacked for food and other desirable articles that might be found.

Then the four captives were marched rapidly away from the scene, while the torch was applied to their recent dwelling. With the flames of her burning home as the background, Mrs. Dustin and her companions were driven forward in the first stage of their journey into dreadful captivity.

It was soon shown that they were not the only captives taken at the time, for ten others were added to their party. There were nineteen or twenty Indians. The prisoners consisted of two men, the youth Leonardson, three women and seven children, besides Mrs. Dustin's baby which she carried in her arms.

The mother was not allowed even this comfort for long, for when the baby began to cry, one of the Red Men took the child and killed it. It was useless for the mother to plead and with a sad heart she was obliged to advance

with her unfortunate companions upon that journey whose ending not one dared to anticipate.

One by one the younger members, unable to keep up longer, were put to death; while the survivors realized that their own fate might be more terrible than this brutal end. The snows of winter had not wholly vanished. The ground was wet and cold where they were forced to lie down to rest if not to sleep at night. Altogether a more terrible journey could hardly be imagined.

After fifteen days of this dismal traveling and hardship, the Indians divided into two parties, one pursuing a northerly course, while the other kept on towards a fort of which they had frequently spoken. They also told of another fort far to the north where the captives would be finally taken, to be sold as slaves to the French who were then at war with the English.

With this party of twelve Indians were Mrs. Dustin, Mrs. Neff and the boy Samuel Leonardson. Hinting often at the fate in store for them when they should reach Canada, these captors delighted in telling their prisoners of some of the cruelties they would be made to suffer.

The three consulted among themselves at

every opportunity upon some plan of escape at the earliest possible moment. Upon the advice of Mrs. Dustin, Samuel inquired of one of the Indians whose name was Bampico, just where he should strike if he wished to take a life instantly. He also asked to be shown how to remove the scalp-lock of an enemy.

At the close of a tedious March day the party came in sight of a small island in the Merrimack River where the Contoocook joins the larger stream. About two acres in area and covered with a dense growth, this place seemed an ideal retreat for the Red Men. The embers of a former campfire showed that it had been occupied not very long since. After a short rest here, the long, long march through the pathless wilderness of hundreds of miles would be begun with only despair awaiting them at its end.

Hannah Dustin felt that the time for action had now come if they ever hoped to escape. She was resolved to slay her captors with their own hatchets, then escape down the river in one of the canoes of the Indians.

Her companions agreed to this plan and the three waited patiently for their enemies to fall asleep. The fire was burning brightly

the first part of the night, but after midnight it died down somewhat. All of the Indians were sleeping soundly after a hard day's march. Nor was a vigil kept by them, for it was not thought likely that two women and a boy would try to escape.

It proved a fatal mistake for them. A little past midnight Hannah Dustin, firmly resolving to put into effect her desperate intentions, rose slowly and cautiously to her feet, keeping a keen gaze upon the recumbent figures of her captors. Gliding to the side of the Indian she had selected as her first victim, she deftly slipped the hatchet from his belt and a moment later dealt the blow which suddenly ended the savage career of the leader of the Indian captors.

Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson proved as alert and daring as the heroic Hannah Dustin. They had armed themselves with tomahawks taken from their sleeping enemies and at a single stroke the boy hero slew Bampico who had only the day before shown him how to deal the fatal stroke.

A few moments later the three captives had become conquerors of their enemies who a little while before had boasted of the punishment that would be inflicted upon them at

the end of the journey. Only one, a favorite Indian boy, had been spared.

Hastily gathering up such provisions as they could find and taking with them the gun belonging to the chief and the hatchets with which they had gained their freedom, the trio gladly left the spot. As an act of caution they scuttled all the canoes but one, and in this they started down the river.

After going some distance Mrs. Dustin declared that they must have some proof of what they had done to take with them or people would not believe their story. The best proof she could think of would be the scalps of the savages they had slain. Accordingly they returned to the scene of their heroic deed to find that an Indian woman and the young Indian boy were missing. Inside of five minutes, however, the three were again paddling their canoe with the current of the Merrimack, carrying with them this time ten scalps as trophies of their exploit.

The trip down the river which was swollen by the spring floods and made in a frail skiff, has never been described. Something of its perils and hazards may be imagined. There were falls where they had to leave the stream and portage their boat around the turbulent

waters. There were rapids to shoot scarcely less dangerous. But with their minds ever buoyed up by the thought of reaching home and loved ones, they made a safe and sound journey.

On a beautiful April morning, doubly beautiful to them, they reached their friends in Haverhill, friends who hailed them as if returned from the dead.

That was many years ago, but the story of that night's heroic deed has not been forgotten. A monument on Hannah Dustin Island at Penacook marks the spot where she and her companions performed the feat which saved them from a captivity worse than death. Another memorial in Haverhill reminds whomever may read its brief inscription of one of the bravest exploits in border warfare.

OCEAN MARY

In the years 1719 and 1720 a considerable number of families of Scotch peasantry who had crossed the North Channel some years before, finding their new homes on the coast of Ireland undesirable, emigrated to America.

With them came James Wilson and his young wife, Elizabeth Fulton. They had been married a year and full of hope and good cheer, they looked expectantly forward to their future home in New England.

Sailing vessels in those days made very slow progress owing to the buffeting of wind and waves. The vessel which brought James and Elizabeth Wilson was destined to meet with more trying adventures. About midway of the voyage the lookout sighted one morning a strange ship which had approached during the night. Upon closer inspection it was decided that the stranger was a pirate vessel.

Naturally confusion and excitement reigned on the peaceful craft which had no real means of defense against an enemy. A short consultation was held and it was decided that it would be useless to resist the oncoming ship

should any demand be made upon them. Upon coming within hailing distance a shout from the deck of the strange ship demanded that the emigrant vessel lay to.

There was really no alternative. A slow-going craft at best and with less than a dozen muskets on board, escape was out of the question. So the captain shouted back his willingness to obey. Then officers, crew and passengers waited in anxious suspense for the outcome. The suspense was not of long duration. Boats were lowered from the davits of the stranger and strongly manned, they soon reached the ill-fated ship.

In a few minutes the strangers were climbing the ropes to the deck like experienced seamen, shouting coarse jests as they swarmed over the rail. Then like men trained to kill and plunder, they fell upon the awe-stricken crew and passengers not one of whom could offer any resistance. In less time than it has taken to relate the fact every person had been seized and bound hand and foot. These unfortunate persons were left where they had fallen or pushed into some corner to await their fate after the ship had been ransacked of its treasures. So far no one had been killed.

In a wild scramble for plunder such articles as could be transferred to their vessel were piled together in readiness for the removal. In high glee the pirates, elated over their easy capture, rushed hither and thither, unmindful of the entreaties of several of their victims.

While his followers were carrying on this lawless work the captain, a swarthy, black-bearded man who showed no signs of mercy on his hardened visage, went below to search the officers' quarters, expecting to find there some of his richest booty. Imagine then his surprise upon throwing open the cabin door to discover a woman lying in the berth. She was Elizabeth Wilson.

Usually a pirate upon such an occasion would utter a horrible oath. But the surprise of this piratical commander was indicated only by a long look fixed upon the woman and a small figure beside her.

"Who are you and why are you here?" he demanded.

"See," replied the terrified mother, uncovering the baby's face.

All appearance of his character a moment before swiftly left him and a kindly look swept over his countenance, as he advanced lightly to her side, asking eagerly:

"A girl?"

"Yes," she replied timidly.

"Have you named her?"

"Not yet."

"Good!"

Thereupon he went back to the cabin door and ordered his men to stay all further action until he should return on deck. Upon listening to the hearty "Aye, aye" in response, he returned to the side of the berth where the mother and her baby presented such a beautiful picture of innocent life.

The sight must have recalled some similar scene in his career before the storms of hate and passion had overcome his better nature, for he took the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby in his own.

"If I name this little girl for another I once knew, I promise every passenger on this ship and all its cargo shall be left undisturbed. On that condition, may I name the girl?"

"Yes."

Then the dark-browed outlaw of the sea whose very name struck terror wherever it was spoken, bowed his head low over the mother and child while he whispered softly the name that was no doubt sacred to him:

"Mary."

A moment later he was gone, leaving the mother moved by an emotion it would be difficult to describe. Upon reaching the deck, the pirate captain ordered his men to unbind all the captives and restore the valuables to their places.

Surprised, no doubt, by this uncommon order of their leader, the pirates obeyed and a little later the vessel was free of her unwelcome visitors. While unable to comprehend this unexpected ending of a dreaded meeting, the captain gave orders to get under way, which the crew obeyed with alacrity.

The respite however was of short duration, for another alarm quickly followed. The pirate was coming back! This time he was alone, so their fears were somewhat quieted. Upon coming on board, the pirate officer went directly below to the captain's cabin, carrying under his arm a package of considerable size.

To Elizabeth Wilson's surprise he unfolded before her the most beautiful parcel of brocaded silk she had ever seen. Its fineness of texture and beauty of design was little less than marvelous. The pattern was of plaid, combining in wonderfully harmonizing tones many hues of colors softened with white.

"Let Mary make her wedding gown from this," he said simply.

Then kissing the tiny hand of the sleeping baby he stole silently, swiftly out of the cabin and was never seen nor heard from again by little Mary or her mother.

For many years July 28, the day of this event, was observed in the Wilson family out of remembrance for the christening of "Ocean Mary" as she became known, and the deliverance of herself and her friends from the pirates.

Mary was married on her eighteenth birthday to Thomas Wallace and settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire. Her wedding gown was made from the pirate's silk. "Ocean Mary" was not the only one to wear this wonderful gown, for a granddaughter and great-granddaughter wore the dress upon similar occasions. One of her sons removed to Henniker, New Hampshire, and it was with him that "Ocean Mary" lived the last years of her long and happy life.

THE ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLAND'S NEWGATE PRISON

Many historians relate of the horrors, the sufferings and the infamy of Newgate Prison, London. This ill-famed place was founded about 1218 and there many of the lowest criminals of England were imprisoned. There they paid the full penalty for their crimes. There, innocent of any crime other than that of being too poor to pay their debts, these victims were often forced to remain and suffer until the last days of their life. To learn of a similar prison within our own land, in the foothills of the "Land of Steady Habits" (Connecticut) is a revelation to many.

At the beginning of the 18th century, a man hunting on the side of Talcott Mountain in a part of Old Simsbury now included in East Granby, discovered copper in the rocks, very much as one hundred and fifty years later gold was found in Sutter's Creek, California. Though less valuable than gold, this discovery aroused the inhabitants to visions of immediate wealth.

The farmers living about this section quickly formed a company to claim all this unknown store of copper. The point where

they began work soon became known as "Copper Hill Mine." To reach the ore, deep shafts or holes in the rocky mountain-side were made. One was sent down nearly forty feet but did not prove quite satisfactory. So another was begun. This shaft at sections drilled through solid rock, was sent down and down to a depth of over eighty feet before work was stopped.

Great underground chambers were hewn out in the mountain and load after load of rock was sent to the surface by means of windlass and rope. The copper was firmly imbedded in the rock and had to be smelted and refined.

By the year 1714 the name and success of the mine had become so well known that it was purchased by Jonathan Belcher of Boston, afterward Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Timothy Woodbridge and William Partridge. This company worked the mine for twenty-three years and expended $75,000 in carrying on the work.

Year after year thus passed until the deep mutterings of the Revolution made many a heart thrill. Then the time came when Connecticut had men who were disposed to be her enemies. These people did not agree with

those who favored a tyrannical king. The self-styled "Loyalists," that is, those loyal to the king, were called Tories and were watched with suspicion. The Connecticut patriots did not consider it safe to allow these Tories their freedom. So they planned a safe, strong place in which to keep them.

Work had been abandoned for a while if not permanently at the Simsbury Copper Mine. Jails were not common in those days, for criminals had not been numerous. Then it was that those caverns in Copper Hill were named "Newgate Prison." There it was that one after another these Tory prisoners were taken and thrust down the long, dark shaft leading, it seemed, into the infernal regions.

We can hardly blame them if the prisoners tried to escape. It has been said that in all the thirteen colonies there was no place equal to Simsbury's Newgate Prison to rob a man of his courage or his honest convictions. Blockhouses were placed over the entrance to the main shaft and one after another, three of these were burned. So many escaped that finally a guard of twenty-four men armed with muskets, with three officers armed with cutlasses, were needed to maintain peace and keep the prisoners in this dungeon.

Among those who were brought here to be imprisoned was a young man by the name of Timothy Blakelee who was charged with being a Tory. It was in vain that he declared his innocence; that no truer Rebel lived than he, even though he was to marry the daughter of Samuel Courtney, a Loyalist, from whom no man had ever heard a disloyal remark. Timothy might have remained free had not a rejected suitor entered a complaint of disloyalty against him.

Here was poor Timothy Blakelee, apparently without a friend to plead for him and likely to be shot as a dangerous Tory, simply because he was about to marry a Loyalist's daughter.

The only person who did plead for him was Eunice Courtney who went before those who had the power to free her lover; and upon her knees begged for his release.

"You had better speak for your Tory father, young lady," was their reply. "He still must have British sympathies."

"I plead for Timothy, who never had a disloyal thought. He is innocent."

Finding her pleas and her tears in vain, Eunice Courtney that afternoon planned one of the most daring and desperate escapes that

was ever undertaken at Newgate. She bribed the officer in charge to deliver a message to Timothy, telling him how he might be able to ascend the ladder that night, escape and meet her at the foot of the hill where the big oak overhung the path.

Timothy accomplished his escape. An hour before dawn he found her waiting for him, mounted upon a powerful horse and leading a second animal by the bridle.

"Oh, Eunice!" he cried, "how can I—"

"You have no time to dally, Timothy. I may be doing wrong but I am going with you. You know I have an aunt in New York and I am going to stay with her, while you fight your country's battles. If your life is spared, at the end of the time come to me."

Were ever braver words spoken? His heart too full for utterance, he mounted his horse and they rode away together. For seven years he fought his country's enemies. He was at Trenton and Brandywine, at Valley Forge and Yorktown. At the end of this time he came back a colonel and married Eunice Courtney.

In 1781 Congress applied to Governor Trumbull for the use of Newgate Prison as a jail for some of its prisoners. Here six years

before General Washington had sent several prisoners who were regarded as "atrocious villains." The place had a wide reputation as a stronghold though more in name than in actual strength.

Not until 1790 did the state decide to make Newgate its prison quarters. A wooden palisade surmounted by iron spikes about six inches in height, was built to surround about half an acre of ground. In this inclosure workshops, a hospital and officers' quarters were erected. A deep trench was dug on the western side to cut off escape on the part of the more venturesome prisoners.

In 1802 this wooden palisade was torn down and a heavy stone wall raised in its place. A brick building was erected in the center for officers and back of this, quarters for the privates; while over the mouth of the cavern was built a room for the most quiet of the prisoners. Passage down the shaft was accomplished by means of a ladder resting on the bottom.

From here began a gradual descent, the sides being solid rock or ore. From this passages extended for rods in different directions. In two of these were wells of deep water, one of which measured eighty feet.

On the sides and in the niches of this cavern platforms had been built of boards, where pallets of straw were made for the prisoners to sleep on. The horror of this underground dungeon has been aptly pictured by a writer who spent a year there:

"The impenetrable vastness supporting the awful mass above; the dripping water trickling like tears from its sides; the unearthly echoes responding to the voice, all conspire to strike the beholder aghast with amazement and horror. These caverns and their precincts, from their antiquity, and the dramas which have been performed within and around, will long be considered as a classic place. The caverns have generally been favorable to the health and longevity of the occupants, which is supposed to arise from some medicinal quality in the mineral rock."

Among the many tales of rebellions, outbreaks, escapes and attempted escapes, the following will compare favorably with the others. Two prisoners, an Indian and a white man, in charge of a man named Ephraim Shaylor, were sent out to reap, about one and a half miles from the prison. The day's work done, the three started on their return. Seeing an apple tree loaded with fruit, the pris-

oners suggested that they secure a load of the fruit to take home. Shaylor agreed, but while he was stooping over to gather some of the apples, his captives sprang upon his back and overpowered him. Intending to take Shaylor's life, the captors decided it would be better to seek the cover of the bushes growing a short distance away. Shaylor had been armed with a musket and a cutlass. The Indian secured the cutlass, and holding the officer by his belt, he ordered him to advance, while his companion kept Shaylor covered with the musket. So the three marched toward the fatal spot.

Shaylor was thinking rapidly. He could but fail if he tried to escape. So he threw up the belt about him, and free of his captor, ran for his life. The race was an earnest one. Before the white man or his Indian confederate could rally sufficiently from their surprise to fire upon the fleeing Shaylor, he had gained the cover of the woods.

Upon reaching the prison he rallied the watchers and they went in pursuit of the escaped prisoners. After recapturing them Shaylor learned that the two prisoners had agreed that each one should remove the irons from the other. The white man did as he had

promised, but as soon as he had freed the Indian, the latter laughed and ran away, leaving him still in irons. But that night he crawled to a blacksmith's shop in Suffield where he cut off his irons with a chisel.

The ill reputation of the prison and its government finally awakened the people to the realization that something must be done to improve matters. Accordingly in 1837 a modern prison was completed at Wethersfield, where the occupants of Newgate Prison were taken to receive better treatment.

Mr. Daniel Howard, in his excellent work upon "Connecticut History Stories," has this to say:

"Abandoned to the weather the walls and workshops have since been slowly crumbling away. Their substantial nature, however, will cause them to last for long years to come. While the dark caverns below will change but little with the passing of the centuries, the ruins will be an object of interest and wonder to thousands of visitors."

Efforts have been made to work the mine since its abandonment as a state prison, but these have not been very successful; and today there is no apparent prospect of its ever being re-opened.

A BRAVE MAIDEN

Grandmother Meserve who belonged to one of the oldest families of eastern New Hampshire, came here from the Provinces, with very vivid memories of the people of the Land of Evangeline. Among the many stories she delighted in telling was the following exploit of a member of the family who was at the time a maiden in her teens.

The setting sun was throwing long darts of gold tipped with silver across the western sky. It touched with magic hues of brightness the mountain top in the distance and empurpled the deep-set orchards of the land of Evangeline with a brush of darker shades. A horseman dashed out from under the rim of the maples bounding the little village in that direction and rode along the single street of Mines at a furious pace. That he was an official of importance could be seen by his bold, arrogant bearing, as well as by his military dress and the trappings of his foam-flecked steed.

As he followed the street lined on either side by its heavy gabled roofs embowered in vines and apple trees, the last starred and

jeweled with their red and white globes of fruit, the faces of many curious watchers were thrust hurriedly out from small, open casements. Others rushed out into the open air to get a better view of the impetuous rider.

On past the little church with its pointed spires touched with the bright halo of the hour of the Angelus rode the newcomer. By the time he had drawn rein in front of the hostelry he was surrounded by a throng of men.

Unheeding the questioning looks of these inhabitants of the quiet, quaint little town, the stranger leaped to the ground. Throwing the rein of the bridle over a post nearby, he strode to the foot of an old tree as if he were about to begin warfare against it. Then pulling a parchment sheet from his coat, he nailed it quickly to the shaggy trunk. Each movement was watched by the spectators with open-mouthed wonder.

"He's a courier from the English at Port Royal!" whispered one of the boldest, as if the announcement was expected to carry terror to his companions. If this was his purpose he succeeded, for the stranger had driven the last nail into the inoffensive old willow, loved

and revered by all, before another found courage to ask:

"What dire news does he bring?"

"Perhaps war has been declared again," ventured a third.

"Hist!" exclaimed another. "Jean de Foix is addressing him. We shall speedily know the worst."

"What news bringst thou from Port Royal that thou ridest a good horse with so little regard for its well being?"

"There is the news, monsieur," replied the stranger, pointing toward the work he had just completed. "If thou canst read, then read," and without further parley he entered the low-eaved inn. As soon as he had recovered from the effects of this brusque statement, the young man turned to examine the notice recently nailed to the tree.

"Read it aloud, Jean," said half a dozen in concert.

Without any further urging the other read in a clear, musical voice:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Acting upon the advice of His Majesty's Council we hereby offer for every male Indian above sixteen, a reward of One

Hundred Pounds; for a scalp of such male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

Finding that this unusual message contained nothing of a nature calculated to awaken their alarm, the men began to discuss its merits and demerits. The majority appeared highly elated over the prospects it held forth. The day and the people were auspicious for the event. The time was a little before the breaking out of what was known in America as "King George's War," early in the autumn of 1744 when peace rested upon a peaceful land. But it was like the lull that usually comes before a storm.

The proclamation that was posted upon the willow tree was the work of the English against the Indians and was issued on account of several serious incursions made against peaceful settlers by the red men. The matter of offering a bounty for scalps had become common practice in New England. It had begun in a measure to offset the ransom money frequently demanded by the French for captives taken by the Indians.

Attracted by the uncommon excitement shown by the men in their discussion of the

notice upon the willow, three Acadian maids came out of the wayside inn. As many more who had been coming slowly up the street locked arm and arm, joined the first trio under the stately old tree. Among them was a maid who was sure to attract attention, even in such a party of pretty girls, by her beauty of feature and piquant manner. Her name was Mina Lamourrie. Immediately upon reading the message, she turned to young Jean de Foix, her acknowledged lover, saying:

"Can it be possible they dare to do that?"

"The money would come in handy at this time, Mina," he said. "You know we are to be wed when the first snow flies, and—"

She stopped him with a wave of her pretty brown hand exclaiming earnestly:

"Jean, rather than any fixings of ours should be bought with money earned that way, I fain would never marry. Nay Jean, that cannot be. They were kind to me all those years and had I not been one of them so long, I could not enjoy money which came in that way. It may do for the English, but it will not do for us."

Having said this with increasing vehemence, she then stepped quickly to the tree and tear-

ing off the notice, threw it under her feet and stamped upon it. Her impetuous act so awed the onlookers that no one dared to remonstrate.

Jean, frightened at the thought of what the consequence might be, caught her by the arm and hurried her away in the direction of her home. Not a word was spoken until they had turned into the lane leading to her home under a wide-spreading maple.

He then recalled what he had almost forgotten—that ten years of her life had been spent among the Micmacs. She had been taken captive when only three years old by a roving band and kept with them until she was thirteen. He had been one of the rescue party and now after four years he looked fondly forward to the day when he should receive his reward, which to him seemed greater than he deserved. Her parents were both dead and she lived with her uncle and his good wife.

At the gateway he bade her good evening, without any further mention of the subject uppermost in their minds. She was not sorry that he was gone. She wanted to be alone somewhere, so that she might shut out the sight of that dismal notice on the old willow.

If her kind foster mother observed her unusual demeanor, she wisely remained silent. At an earlier hour than usual, Mina sought her couch though it was a long time before she fell asleep. In her dreams she saw Jean in the act of snatching a scalp from the head of a Micmac. She awoke with a cry of fright and remained awake until morning.

She looked anxiously for Jean, expecting he would come in for a short chat as was his custom, but for some reason he failed to appear. In the afternoon she threw her bright-hued kerchief over her shoulders and went down to the inn, where he spent his leisure hours.

To her disappointment he was not to be seen. Neither was the crowd which usually loitered there to be found about the place. With a strange foreboding in her heart and a timidness uncommon to her, she inquired in regard to Jean. Then she was told that he and twenty other young men had shouldered their muskets only an hour before and marched away in the direction of Chignecto.

This was what she had tried to prepare herself for. It did not require the explanation of the matron to tell her that the party had gone to hunt down a party of Micmacs

bivouacked on the farther side of Minas Basin, to kill the Indians for English hire. They might have taken a shorter and quicker route by water, but they had gone on this longer journey by land in order to effect a more complete surprise. By this route they did not expect to reach the Indian encampment until the following night.

With a heavier heart than she had ever known before, Mina returned to her home. While she felt grieved over the part Jean had taken, she felt doubly sad over the fate threatening the little party of Micmacs whom she had known through so many carefree years. She had no doubt as to the success of the whites, for the Indians would not dream of any such movement being made against them.

At first she thought she would follow in the footsteps of Jean and his companions, to overtake them as soon as possible, and then to beseech them to spare the women and children if not the men. But she quickly realized the uselessness of attempting this. Even if she should overtake the war party which she felt very confident of doing, it was unlikely they would listen so far to the pleadings of a maid who was looked upon by many of them as half-Indian. But a deeper, bolder and yet more hopeful plan entered her mind.

There was open to her the waterway and down by the dyke was her own light canoe. All she needed was a brave heart and a strong hand to cross the Minas Basin and warn the Micmacs of their peril. She did not stop to ask herself what the result of this might be. She decided that it would not do for her to start until after nightfall, and she must return before daylight. No accident barring her way, she could do that. So with no outward indication of the wild thoughts in her mind, she went about her work for the balance of the day.

Somewhat earlier than common she led the Alderney cow up to be milked, noting with some misgivings that a storm was hanging over the water. She kept on with her tasks of feeding the farm stock and doing the work about the house, and retired to her little room half an hour before her usual time. No questions had been asked and she pulled down her white curtains which shut her in from the scenes without.

She did not lie down, but sat near the casement, impatiently waiting for the proper time to come when she might set forth upon her mission. She could hear the sullen throbs of old Minas as the flood tide rolled angrily against the artificial bank raised to hold it

within the bounds. It did not need the aid of the eye for her to see even now the green meadows that skirted the orchards, the dark walls rising between them and the flood that brought its foaming legions from that storm-brooding center, Old Fundy.

It was dark when she stepped from the window ledge to the ground. She cast a hasty glance toward the light in the kitchen where she knew her uncle and aunt were conversing in low tones about the expedition of the young men against the Indians.

With light step, however heavy her heart may have been, she ran down to the water's edge. She found her canoe chafing at its fastening as if impatient to be off. Seizing the paddle she headed her light craft toward the tide which threatened to engulf it at its onward sweep. With what seemed wonderful power, it arose to the very rim of the jaws that seemed bent on swallowing it and dipping into the basin, rose on the crest of the second monster with equal rapidity. So the brave young heart at the paddle continued her daring work, looking back in a little while upon only a misty line marking the land. She was now fairly started on her long, hazardous journey.

SHE HEADED HER LIGHT CRAFT TOWARD THE TIDE

Overhead the sky lowered dark and ominous of the coming storm. Unfalteringly and never doubting her ability to make the journey, she sent the frail bark on and on until the lights from every farmhouse had died out. The moon would not rise until toward midnight and until then only her unerring judgment must be her compass.

She judged she had been an hour and a half upon the water and her arms were aching as if they would drop off when the roar of the tide increased with terrible violence. She could hear the wind shrieking around her. Was the storm about to break upon her? Could she hope to outride it?

Then in the night gloom, looking like a black giant, rose before her a mighty form, towering far above her with its head swathed in a black mantle of the tempest. Suddenly it came to her that this must be that frowning giant rock forever guarding this portion of the gulf—ancient Blomidon—where the Micmacs believed their god held his abode.

A stream of silvery light suddenly broke upon the rugged forehead of the stone giant. She uttered a low exclamation in that tongue which she had long forgotten or ceased to use. The second look brought her the thrice wel-

come discovery that the moon had risen and the bright beam upon Blomidon was its first straggly light thrown over the expanse of the water.

She now hailed this beacon light as a harbinger of good. She had been lost a moment before but now she was able to fix her course definitely. She applied herself to her paddle with new courage. Soon after a bright spot on the wall of the black night ahead gave her joy, for she believed it came from the campfires of the Micmacs. She did not part with this hope until she stood at last on the land once more, grateful that her perilous trip had been made, whether for good or ill.

Having fixed the direction of the campfires in her mind, she plunged boldly into the forest. Half an hour later she came with unbounded joy upon the Indian village which was wrapped in slumber save for a sleepy sentinel. She managed to arouse him, then rapidly advanced to the principal wigwam where she would meet the aged chief who had so often been her friend. How her heart beat now with gladness to find that she had arrived in time.

Through the rent in the skin wall that stood for a door she saw the old chief sitting by the

fire asleep, and yet so lightly that he started up as she entered unannounced and took a seat at his feet. He expressed his pleasure at seeing her without questioning her motive in coming. Feeling the importance of every minute of time, she immediately told him in a few words of the reward the English were offering for Indian scalps. At that very moment a party from Mines was on the way to surprise his people.

The aged chief did not move until she had finished, though watching him closely she saw his dark countenance grow darker yet. Finally he raised his pipe to his lips and began to smoke slowly like one thrown into deep meditation. A few minutes of silence followed her closing words as he was giving her time to add more if she chose. Then he arose like a king in his might, saying:

"Bright Eyes is as brave as she is light of foot. The Micmacs will never forget her and her home will be with them evermore. Nothing shall she ever fear from the palefaces who kill women and children for money."

She read on his countenance what he had not expressed in speech and what she feared above all else. Dropping upon her knees at his feet, with upturned face and hands clasped imploringly she cried:

"O great and wise chief of the Micmacs! You must not kill them. They may have been led into wrong doing, but it was for English money. Their hearts are true and not one but what has not a dear one to mourn for him if he should fall. There is, too, among them one whom Bright Eyes has promised to marry at snowfall. Think you she braved old Minas in his wrath to see him die?

"Nay, noble chief, I have come to save you but not at such a loss. I must go back to my home at once, but I must know that they are safe. The Micmacs have time to leave here and when the whites come they will find only fires that are spent. Then I shall speed my canoe homeward with a light heart knowing my old friends have not betrayed me."

Finding her words were having the desired effect, she went more into details of her perilous trip, dwelling at considerable length upon the smile sent down upon her by old Blomidon. He had shown her the way when she had become lost, which proved that he looked with favor upon her errand. Then the old chief laid his big brown hand gently upon her head and promised all that she asked.

The storm had now broken upon the earth with equinoctial fury, but with a light heart she ate of the food the women provided for

her. The chief made arrangements for two of his strongest canoe men to take her back across the water to her home, declaring she should not go alone. Little time was lost in these preparations, for if the Micmacs hoped to get away before dawn, they must move with rapidity.

The parting of the old chief was in the nature of a blessing and his words lingered in her ears. She started upon her return trip under the escort of the two canoe men. For over an hour they battled manfully against the wind and tide; then the fury of the elements became too great for even such oarsmen. The canoe was tossed at the mercy of the flood, the stout ashen paddles were broken in the hands of the powerful Micmacs. However, they were driven close to land and Mina was borne in safety by the stalwart men to the shore.

There she parted from her faithful preservers. Barely in season to creep into her room before her aunt and uncle were astir, Mina threw off her wet garments and lay down to rest for awhile. Hearing the chidings of her aunt for oversleeping that morning, she went about her daily round of duty with thanksgiving in her heart that she had

accomplished her dangerous mission without harm or suspicion.

Two days later the young men returned from their fruitless errand, saying that the Micmacs had left their old encampment. They had not thought it best to follow them, believing that in some way the Indians had become alarmed. Upon second thought they were not sorry that they had been cheated of their prey. The sign upon the willow was not replaced, and as time wore on the matter was forgotten save by Mina who could never forget that stormy night's experience.

When at last the wedding day came no happier bride was ever found in Acadia. Among the joys of that happy event was the finding of her canoe which she had been obliged to leave with the Micmacs. It was now filled with choice furs and useful articles made by the deft fingers of the Indian squaws. On the bow was the totem of the Micmacs, and though others wondered how the Indians had come to place these gifts there, she knew and was happier for the remembrance.

It was many years after and only when permanent terms of peace had been arranged between the two races that she told Jean and her friends of how she saved the Micmacs

from the French and caused them to lose their bounty. Only praises were bestowed upon her for her heroic conduct and Jean kissed her and declared she was the bravest woman in the world. She was rightfully one of the heroines of Acadian story.

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEAS[1]

The battle of Lexington aroused the sturdy men and women of New England. While this fight gained no decisive victory for either side, yet it told the world of the spirit that stirred these people to combat in defense of their country and liberties.

This stirring battle took place on April 19, 1775; and on June 12 of the same year and only five days before the Battle of Bunker Hill occurred the first of the many memorable battles on the sea. The sea history of New England has been but briefly told, though it was an honorable record.

Early in the history of the English colonization of New England the British realized the importance of establishing themselves as far east as possible, at least beyond the Penobscot. Farther to the east lay Acadia, a French province. So in 1633 the English established a trading post on the western bank of the Machias River. This place was soon raided

[1] I am indebted for the title and many of the facts in this article to the researches of the late John Francis Sprague, to whom I wish to give due credit.—THE AUTHOR.

by the French as an intrusion on their territory, and laid to waste. Over a hundred years passed without any earnest effort being made to effect a permanent settlement here.

The inducements however were too alluring to the English not to make other attempts. There was an abundance of wild swale hay in this region and inland vast forests of pine which had been growing for many, many years. So in 1762 hither went Isaiah Foster and Isaac Labree, to build sawmills and ship away vessels laden with hay. All of eastern Maine was then an unbroken wilderness.

Despite this fact, within a year Morris O'Brien and his six stalwart sons moved to this isolated spot shut off from communication with the rest of the world, save by the passage of the open sea. They did not go to farm, but to lumber. Others followed them, so that by 1765 eighty men, women and children had gathered at Machias.

Though lumbering was the main object of these hardy colonists, yet they did not overlook the profit made in handling furs and developing other enterprises. In fact a blacksmith named Wooden Foster began to hammer out on his crude anvil the tools needed in everyday work. Among these were the forks

and shovels which were to prove such effective weapons in the coming struggle with the English sailors.

A house of worship was built, long and angular with a pulpit in the upper end, and here the good people increasing in numbers year by year, assembled to offer their reverence to God.

By this time a regular trading business was established. Ships were sent to Boston with lumber, furs and whatever there was to sell; taking in return such merchandise as this little settlement needed. So began and lived the little community which within a few years was to write its name indelibly on the pages of Revolutionary history.

Into this peaceful colony growing year by year in wealth, population and prosperity, came Captain Ichabod Jones, a shipmaster and resident of Boston. He was engaged in trading with the people living along the New England coast and found his way to the Machias settlement in the summer of 1765.

Seeing good future prospects he entered into partnership with Benjamin Foster and two or three others to build sawmills and to begin a regular trade in the settlement with Boston merchants. This business increased so

that they eventually opened a store at Machias with mills on the west bank of the East Machias River and their market in Boston.

Then the Boston Port Bill went into effect in the summer of 1774. This measure forbade any one from landing goods at Boston wharves or taking any merchandise away. It was evident that the British Parliament labored under the delusion that the people of Boston must be robbed of any authority or permission to carry on trade with the rest of the world. As a result Captain Jones' business was completely stopped and not only his own life but the lives of his family were imperiled. The time had come when he must either accept King George or be branded as a rebel.

In the spring of 1775 he loaded two sloops, the *Unity* and the *Polly* with lumber but he did not sail as he was puzzled as to his position. Should he swear allegiance to the king, he would be allowed undisputed passage to Boston and be certain of a good market for his lumber. On the other hand the inhabitants of Machias were patriotic to the core. They would never allow him to carry on his trade under the permission of the English. With his family in Boston and all his property there what should he do?

Captain Horton, in command of the ship *Polly*, was in equal distress. For the sake of his family, he too must get back to Boston. So Captain Jones told his associate to dispose of his cargo before he reached Boston, and if unsuccessful to sail on to Connecticut, while he would dare to go direct to Boston. The two parted, but Captain Horton found the entire coast in such an uproar against the British government that no one cared to trade for lumber. So he finally sailed into Boston.

Here he found Captain Jones with whom he consulted long and earnestly. They discovered that a permit from Admiral Graves would be granted only for them to land in Machias, dispose of their cargo and return to Boston with a load of lumber. Accordingly, Captain Jones took out the necessary papers and set forth upon his hazardous voyage, possibly never dreaming of its tragic results.

Upon reaching Machias flying the British colors, Captain Jones was not allowed even to land and dispose of the merchandise which the inhabitants needed very badly. All overtures were refused though he tried in vain to explain his motives. Finally he begged the people of Machias to call a town meeting and settle the matter. This meeting was held on June 6 and everyone in the village seemed to

be present. After a stormy session it was voted that Captain Jones should sell his goods and load his vessel with lumber.

Jones' two sloops were accompanied by a British gunboat, the *Margaretta*. She was commanded by Captain Moore who either intentionally or through ignorance ordered that the liberty pole which had been erected by a vote in town meeting be taken down. This tall straight pine had been planted amid the cheers of the inhabitants, the playing of the fife and drum and the discharge of musketry. By this emblem the people had sworn to resist the mother country. They would never tear it down!

To the townspeople this was the final offence. They were bitterly disappointed upon discovering that Captain Jones' ships had sailed under a British convoy, flaunting impudently in their face the flag of Great Britain. Captain Jones had deceived them and the fire of revolt was kindled.

Another bit of news reached them while Captain Jones was unloading his cargo. This was the story, magnified no doubt, of the British attack on Lexington and Concord. They understood now why Captain Jones had been cautious enough to ask the selectmen of

the town for a guarantee of safe escort to Boston.

Fortunately a mediator appeared. This was a young man named Stephen Jones, a nephew of Ichabod Jones. Stephen had enough influence with Captain Moore and sufficient interest in the situation to persuade the town to call another town meeting to vote on the liberty pole; while the British officer was asked to wait a few days before putting his order into effect.

Even the young and hopeful Stephen Jones must have anticipated the result. The town voted to a man not to yield to the demands of Captain Moore; and secretly agreed upon plans to avenge the battle of Lexington by capturing the two sloops of Captain Jones and their cargoes, as well as to seize Captain Moore and his officers as prisoners of war. A more daring or hazardous undertaking could not have been conceived. It was not only a bold defiance of British power but an adventure with possible death and defeat.

Two men in Machias had seen military duty in the campaign against Cape Breton under Pepperell. They were Morris O'Brien and Benjamin Foster. Both were men of property and influence in Machias and to

them the inhabitants turned for advice and leadership. They stoutly declared that the plan should be carried out and if done discreetly would prove successful. Some of the more conservative opposed so bold an undertaking, explaining that only positive harm could come of it.

Then Benjamin Foster, weary of the debate, stepped briskly across a small stream known as the "O'Brien Brook," very much as Pizarro in South America years before had crossed a line scratched in the earth, and challenged those of his followers who dared to follow him. Fourteen out of a hundred followed Pizarro; while in reply to Captain Foster's challenge to capture the two sloops and the warship *Margaretta* every man crossed the brook and stood by his side.

A plan was mapped out at once. On Sunday morning, June 11, 1775, it was expected that the English officers would attend divine worship under Parson Lyons in the meeting house that morning. It was decided to surround the building and in the midst of the sermon to enter and arrest the British.

This part of the plan was left to Foster who was to remain with half of the men outside and effect the surprise and capture when

the alarm should be given. The latter portion of the men had secreted arms in the church and John O'Brien, hiding his musket under a board, took a seat directly behind Captain Moore ready to seize him when the moment should come.

The minister had been told that a startling endeavor was about to take place but his bodyguard, a negro named London Atus, had not been taken into consideration. From his seat in the negro pew he looked out of the window to discover Foster and his men all armed and crossing the footbridge that connected the two islands near the falls. Stopping only long enough to see that they were coming toward the meeting house, London Atus uttered a frightened yell and leaped out of the window, wild with excitement.

The alarm of the negro aroused the English officers who began to realize that a scheme was developing to capture them, and they followed the terrified colored man. Thoroughly alarmed, they reached their gunboat and weighed anchor. Captain Jones meantime had escaped to the woods where he remained until after the fight was over.

Foster and O'Brien, nothing daunted, were more determined than ever to carry out their

plan. Word was sent to the East River settlement for men and ammunition. A messenger was sent to Chandler's River to procure powder and ball, but upon reaching there it was found that all of the men had gone to Machias, so that not an able-bodied man was left. In this dilemma two sisters, Rebecca and Hannah Weston, fifteen and seventeen years old, obtained forty pounds of ammunition and started on foot through the wilderness, their course marked only by spotted trees. Making this journey of twenty miles, they reached Machias only to be told that they were too late.

The next move of Foster and O'Brien was to seize the sloops and start in pursuit of the *Margaretta*. Captain Jones' ship the *Polly* was found unfit to put to sea, so O'Brien took command of the *Unity* and was made commander of the expedition. To take the place of the *Polly* Foster assumed command of the schooner the *Falmouth Packet* at East River and with a crew of men started to join O'Brien in his chase of the *Margaretta*. But the schooner soon proved unfit, so Foster reluctantly dropped out of the fight.

Captain O'Brien did not wait for Foster, but with Edmund Stevens as his lieutenant,

gave pursuit in the *Unity* to the fleeing British ship. The *Unity's* crew numbered less than forty men, only half of whom had muskets with but three rounds of ammunition. The remainder were armed with pitchforks, axes, mauls and wooden clubs. For provisions they had "a small bag of bread, a few pieces of pork and a barrel of water."

As Mr. Sprague says: "Here were forty men, undisciplined, in chase of a vessel well armed and equipped with trained marines, without thought of peril or danger."

The *Unity* had followed in the wake of the *Margaretta* well down the bay before the latter ship was sighted. Fortunately for their purpose, the sloop proved the faster sailer and once she had been sighted, Captain O'Brien prepared to board the enemy, a quick, sharp attack having been planned as the safest and surest way.

At this critical moment an old moose hunter named Knight had fired a shot from the deck of the *Unity* with such accuracy as to kill the helmsman of the *Margaretta*. Knight's fatal shot had been followed by a volley of musketry which seemed to demoralize the British. Before they had recovered, the *Unity* drove her bowsprit into the warship's mainsail,

holding the two vessels together for a brief while.

With this, John O'Brien leaped on board the deck of the British ship. Suddenly the vessels parted and he was alone with his foes. It is claimed that seven of the crew aimed point-blank at this daring intruder but that every bullet missed its mark. When a number of seamen started to charge upon the lone visitor with their bayonets, John O'Brien escaped by leaping into the sea and regaining his ship.

Before the British crew had time to recover themselves, O'Brien again ran his sloop alongside of the enemy. Twenty men armed with pitchforks and axes were ordered to board the warship. A hand-to-hand fight followed which resulted in the death of Captain Moore and the surrender of his vessel by his frightened crew. Captain O'Brien then hauled down the British ensign flying at her masthead.

So in this short time and with the greatest audacity the victory was won. The *Unity* sailed proudly up the bay escorting her prize, just at sundown. The wharf was lined with anxious spectators who cheered wildly as they realized the result of the day's work. The re-

joicing continued until midnight and Captain O'Brien was the hero of the evening.

He was not the only one to receive recognition. On June 26, 1775, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts passed a resolution extending the thanks of the province to Captain Jeremiah O'Brien and Captain Benjamin Foster and "the other brave men under their command for their courage and good conduct in taking one of the tenders belonging to our enemies and two sloops belonging to Ichabod Jones." This resolution also provided that the captured vessels should remain in the custody and under the command of O'Brien and Foster, to be used by them for the "advantage of the public and subject to the orders of the Congress."

The consequent history of the O'Brien family was remarkable for its achievements and the great good done to the American cause. Jeremiah O'Brien commanded several cruisers, three of which were known as the "Flying Squadron." He was victorious in all of his raids until in 1780 when running along the coast of New York, his ship fell in with a British fleet escorted by warships. He was finally obliged to surrender. He was sent to Mill Prison, England, and kept for eighteen

months before he escaped through the assistance of a Frenchman and his wife. He reached home in the autumn of 1782.

Captain Ichabod Jones was not oppressed further for being a Loyalist and it was finally decided that he be allowed his freedom.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

No battle of the Revolution has been so misconstrued, misunderstood or misrepresented as the Battle of Bunker Hill. It came too early in the war for the American forces to be properly organized. No one was exactly in command. Putnam left his ploughshare in the furrow to lend his aid to the growing cause. Warren laid aside his medicine chest and Prescott his business to join in the coming struggle. Stark left his mill log on the carriage, mounted his horse and without stopping to go to his house, rode furiously toward the front, where he was placed in command of the First New Hampshire Regiment.

The news of Lexington flew with the speed of winged messengers to all parts of New England. It found Captain Baldwin, the hero of twenty battles in the French and Indian War, at work upon a house in Deering, New Hampshire. He laid down his tools and began to raise a regiment of men. Grand old patriot! He fell in the thick of the fight.

A swift rider blowing a horn, passed through Nottingham and Deerfield, New

Hampshire, to Epsom, where he found Captain Andrew McClary ploughing in the old muster field. These men all gathered on Nottingham Square, New Hampshire, on the morning of April 29, 1775. They were led by Andrew McClary, the oldest and bravest of them all. Then came Joseph Cilley of Nottingham, later to be promoted to major, colonel and general; serving through the war with distinction, being appointed in 1786 major general of the New Hampshire militia.

Dr. Henry Dearborn, only twenty-four years old, was made captain, then major and colonel. Then came Thomas Bartlett, afterwards a captain and in 1792 brigadier general of the militia; and Henry Butler, only twenty-one and afterwards captain under Colonel Bartlett. Finally came young, chivalrous Michael McClary aged twenty-three. He served honorably through the Revolution; as adjutant general he called out the New Hampshire troops in the War of 1812 and typified the military spirit of the state for nearly fifty years.

Leaving Nottingham Square at one o'clock in the afternoon, this body of men one hundred strong, set off as if the fate of the country depended upon its action. At Kingston

they took a "double-quick" which was kept up until reaching Haverhill. Here they crossed the Merrimack River in ferry boats, having completed thirty-seven miles in six hours. They halted at Andover for supper, then went on for an all-night march, arriving at Cambridge where they paraded on the Common at sunrise of the morning of the thirtieth. They had marched fifty-seven miles in less than twenty hours.

Another hero of Bunker Hill was Captain John Moore known as the "Knight of Derryfield." He had won a reputation for courage and energy during the French and Indian War, being at the head of a special body of sharpshooters under Major Robert Rogers. He was at Fort Edward under Colonel Joseph Blanchard and in the battle of Lake George, where he and his men did valiant service. The conquest of Canada completed, he settled down to farming at Moore's Village, his home.

The word of alarm brought to Stark, his oldtime leader, aroused the energy of Captain Moore. Mustering a force of forty-five men he marched them to Lexington. Finding the British had gone back to Boston he led his little regiment to Cambridge, where the Massachusetts Committee of Safety made him a

captain in Stark's troops. The drummer boy of Bunker Hill was his son, Goffe Moore.

General Ward of the Continental forces had learned of the intention of the British commander to take possession of Bunker Hill. To check this movement he ordered a thousand soldiers to march on the night of the sixteenth and to throw up redoubts as means of protection.

The advance was to be made under cover of darkness and before midnight this had been accomplished without alarming the enemy. When the brave band had been at work about three hours the British discovered them. They were immediately thrown into consternation and began to fire on the Americans.

Reinforcements were ordered to protect them. The foremost regiments ordered for this hazardous move were halted at The Neck, which was now swept by a continual discharge of solid and chain shot from the British. The First New Hampshire under Stark and McClary were next ordered to the front. Young Goffe Moore, the boy drummer, began to play a lively march and the troops swept forward until they found their way blocked by the advance regiments.

Major McClary rode forward and thundered in stentorian tones for them to fall

back or march on. The cannonade was so hot that Captain Dearborn suggested to his commander that they should move at a "double-quick."

"No, Dearborn," replied Stark, "one fresh man is worth ten fatigued ones," and kept on as calmly as if on dress parade.

The redoubt was reached about 2 a. m. when Colonel Stark drew up his men just below and refuge was taken behind an old rail fence. This was in a hayfield with the newly-mown hay lying in cocks on the ground. The soldiers seized upon the hay and crammed it in between the rails so that even if it was a flimsy barrier the men were hidden from sight.

Their commander had advanced forty steps and planted a stick in the ground.

"Here is the limit," he declared. "Don't fire until the Red Coats come to that stick."

Not far from his commander lay Captain Moore and his Amoskeag farmers. Each man had received a gill of powder, fifteen balls and spare flint. No two muskets were exactly alike and the bullets had been run to fit each weapon.

So the Americans behind their weak defense watched in silence the approach of the most brilliant army they had ever seen. It

was a spectacular pageant, this regular advance of the Welsh Fusileers, the flower of the British army, the famous regiment that fought with distinction at Minden, gaining there the title of the "Prince of Wales' Regiment." The infantry marched boldly and confidently forward with nodding plumes and burnished arms; while ahead were the flashing bayonets and tall caps of the grenadiers. Five battalions moved slowly behind them.

These troops, the best trained fighting men in the world at that time, had never tested the morale of the men lying so quietly and calmly in wait for them. Now they deployed and opened regular fire by platoons as they advanced, in the English style.

"Don't fire until I say the word," commanded the calm, intrepid Stark.

Suddenly, as if answering the terrific volleys of the British, the sharp bang of a musket from behind the rail fence gave a premature signal for the Americans to open fire. The volley, poured into the front ranks of the enemy, mowed down the British as grass falls before a mowing machine. From the first the British line was broken and the discomfited soldiers retreated in confusion.

Their officers quickly rallied them and with reinforcements sent to their aid, General

Howe leading this time, they again advanced, stepping over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Not a word was spoken, not a shot was fired this time by the Americans behind the old fence; until shortly, sharply, clearly, Colonel Stark shouted:

"Fire!"

Before that sheet of flame almost the entire front rank of the "flower of the British army" went down. The storm of lead swept over that field like summer hail and the men sank like mown grass. General Howe's aides were all shot but one. Most of the British officers were killed. Howe himself, his long white silk stockings smeared with blood, had to fight then for British honor and valor. A mounted officer, the only one on the field, rode forward to rally the men. He was Major Pitcairn of Lexington renown and was quickly shot down by one of Dearborn's men.

Loading and firing with a rapidity earned through years of fighting in the Indian wars, the New Hampshire boys kept up a continual firing until again the British broke and retreated in wild disorder. Certain they had won a victory, the Americans shouted their joy while Goffe Moore, the drummer boy, played his note of triumph. Before this little

band of men led by his father, ninety-six Red Coats had fallen.

General Clinton, the British commander, who had been watching the battle from Copp's Hill in Boston, declared it would never do to allow a regiment of half-clad and half-armed men to defeat the British. Accordingly he sent further reinforcements with an order for a third charge upon the Continentals. The brave Americans looked at their empty powder cans with dismay. Unable to meet the enemy in another attack, the order to retreat was given. It was accomplished in good form and victory slipped from their hands.

The battle, so nearly won, was really lost. Still the Continentals had taught the British to realize that they could boast no more of "driving them like frightened sheep." The British had lost in killed and wounded more than thrice the number the Americans had lost.

Captain John Moore who had proved the mettle of his years was named to succeed Andrew McClary, and he well deserved the honor. He was the hero of William Ross Wallace's poem that was famous during the following century, "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim;
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
As he grasped the ancient blade
He murmured Warren's name.

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep that sword." His accents broke;
A smile and he was dead;
But his withered hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless that sire
And the Sword of Bunker Hill.

William Ross Wallace

The Reveres lived at St. Foi in France, spelling their name in those days as Revoire. The grandfather of Paul Revere was not popular in France, being a Huguenot and having opinions of his own not in harmony with the sentiment of the majority. With many other families of this belief, he was forced to flee from his native land.

The Revoires emigrated to the Island of Guernsey. A silversmith by trade, the head of the family educated his son, also named Paul, to run the business department of his establishment. Hearing there was an opening in New England, the young man was sent to Boston in the New World to canvass the field. He did this so thoroughly that he fell in love with a pretty Continental girl, married her and never went back to his native island. His marriage took place in 1729 and ten children were born of that union, the oldest being Paul, the rider-hero of the American Revolution.

Paul Revere has been styled a "poet-made hero." To a certain extent this is true. He was not given a very definite place in the history of his country until he seemed to appeal

to the fancy of Longfellow. This poet made him immortal. No sooner was the story of Revere's midnight ride told than others began to write of him, until today he is one of the outstanding figures of the American Revolution.

The more we study his life the more we are impressed with the importance of the part he played in that eventful period of the eighteenth century. He mastered his father's trade as soon as he was old enough. At eighteen years of age he enlisted in one of the expeditions against Crown Point. When his term of enlistment had expired he returned to Boston to begin the career of an engraver on copper and silver plate. An artist as well as an engraver and not lacking in energy, he soon became well-known and popular. Many of the old Continental bills were engraved by him. When the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts thought it time to have paper money issued the committee called upon Paul Revere for his opinion and assistance. He made a trade to engrave these plates and from this time on he was never idle.

Engraving was not his only calling, however. Talk of breaking away from the mother country was growing louder and more wide-

spread. He early espoused the patriot cause and was in frequent association with Samuel Adams, John Hancock and others. When the opposition against the tax on tea was pronounced and a party was rallied to throw the tea in Boston port overboard, Paul Revere was one of that party.

Always the trusted friend of Samuel Adams, as early as 1774 he helped to organize that body of patriots which soon became widely known as the Sons of Liberty. A part of their duty was to keep posted in regard to what the British were doing and report this information to Adams and Hancock. At night one or more of them would patrol the streets of Boston and Paul Revere regularly took his turn.

This watchfulness resulted in the discovery on the part of the patriots that the British intended to invade Lexington and the interior towns. Paul Revere conveyed this information to Dr. Warren who advised him to report the news to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, then in Lexington.

Quiet and peaceful was the scene where Paul Revere rode on that midnight so long ago. One of the historians of the day has said: "But for the tablets and monuments

with their stirring inscriptions and the bronze figure of Captain Parker, rifle in hand, upon the stones, one might suppose it must always have been a place of undisturbed repose. Still it was over that road that Paul Revere clattered, and from that house a few rods away John Hancock and Samuel Adams made their hurried escape. Just here stood the old belfry from which clanged the alarm that brought the Minute Men to the Common. The boulder across there marks the line of the Provincials where the Minute Men lined up for battle and bears upon its face the words said to have been spoken by Captain Parker:

"'Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war, let it begin here.'"

The British then had possession of Boston and had laid their plans very carefully. Already every patriot's boat as they supposed had been taken and destroyed. There was no bridge across the Charles River, so it was not expected that the Americans could act with any dispatch in case this should be necessary.

Paul Revere had been foresighted enough to secure a boat which he had concealed and which the British had not found. So he made an arrangement with the sexton of the Old

North Church named Robert Newman and with another man named John Richardson. The moment the signal was given Richardson rowed Revere across the Charles River in safety.

As soon as the Cambridge bank of the river was reached Richardson went out in his craft to the British frigate, the *Somerset*. By keeping under the shadow of the stern of the vessel and by daring maneuvers he succeeded in getting the information the old sexton needed. This intelligence he quickly carried to Newman. Then Revere, waiting on the further bank of the Charles River, received the signal he awaited.

A splendid horseman, he rode away furiously upon his dangerous mission. Before he had gone a mile he was attacked by four stalwart British scouts looking around the country and after being chased into a marsh, he was finally captured. Feigning to be a country simpleton out on an aimless ride, he so deceived them that they concluded he was not dangerous and allowed him his freedom. But they did take his horse and Revere lost nearly two hours before he could get another. Finally a man named Richard Devens gave him his horse and he resumed his journey.

A SPLENDID HORSEMAN, HE RODE AWAY FURIOUSLY UPON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION

Thinking he was now outside of his enemy's line he was riding along at a smart canter when he was again stopped by four advance scouts preparing for the next day's raid. For the second time that night he was ordered to dismount; and he felt obliged to obey.

The scouts were debating as to what they should do with their captive when the sound of approaching horsemen fell upon their ears.

"There come my friends; you had better escape while you can!" cried Paul in a tone of confidence.

No man stopped to see who might be coming, friend or foe. The four fled for their lives while Paul Revere continued up the road at a mad gallop. A minute later a body of British horsemen dashed upon the scene. They gave pursuit to the audacious Yankee but did not overtake him, and he finally reached Lexington.

Another rider named Dawes by taking a different route, had run the gauntlet safely and gone on to Concord. At Lexington also a young man by the name of Prescott who was in the habit of visiting here weekly, returned to his home in Concord and announced the coming of the British regulars that morning.

Some months later Paul Revere was sent to Virginia on a secret mission. The patriot troops up in New England were sadly lacking in powder and bullets. Word had come of a powder mill in active production in Virginia and hither Paul rode to obtain the secret of its manufacture.

He was greatly surprised when the suspicious proprietor refused to let him in if he took any notes or made any sketches. He must promise not to do either thing. Paul agreed to this and went through the mill, carefully noting every bit of machinery and each process was closely fixed in his mind. Then he bade the proprietor a courteous good-bye and went on his way back to Boston.

"That Yankee," said the proprietor, "fancied he could hoodwink me into letting him know the secrets of running my powder mill, but he was finely fooled for I did not allow him to make a single drawing or take a note."

Upon reaching Boston Paul from memory built a powder mill and equipped it with machinery without a detail missing. It was soon in successful operation. The drawings he had made in his keen mind had answered quite as well as pencil sketches.

It soon became necessary to send an important message to John Sullivan and some others at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Revere was selected for this hazardous trip which he made without mishap. Other secret and important missions were intrusted to him until he became a real messenger of the Revolution.

In other fields of activity he was very successful and prominent. His drawings and engravings during the Revolution did much toward spreading information and welding the people into one strong unified group, as well as to keep alive the spirit of patriotism. He drew, engraved and printed a picture showing the horrors of the "Boston Massacre." He made, too, a picture of the same size representing the landing of the British troops in Boston. It has been said that his pencil was the equal of the pen of the best writers, so he became known throughout the colonies. He was popular everywhere.

His only real military experience in the Revolution was to take part in the unsuccessful Penobscot expedition in 1779 which apparently failed through the lack of a proper commander. His conduct was investigated with the others, but he was cleared of all

fault in the campaign. He received the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the State forces and did as much good for his country at home as he could have done in the field. He was always found where he was needed most.

Faithful to the Revolution until its end, he returned to the profession of gold and silversmith. Then seeing that the new government needed cannon for defense, he erected a large foundry and made not only cannon for forts but bells for churches. He was the pioneer in smelting copper ore in this country. He was not only successful in this but he was able to roll the copper into sheets. He also invented copper fastenings for ships. This industry perfected, he erected works at Canton, Massachusetts, where copper is still rolled by the Revere Copper Company.

Paul was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky character with a wonderful fund of knowledge at his command, with plenty of ready wit and ingenuity. He was master of several trades and a bold intrepid fighter. He lived long enough to see his country become prosperous, the country for which he had ridden and worked and sacrificed so much. He died at the age of eighty-three in the year 1818. He was buried with Masonic honors

in the Granary burying ground, in the very heart of his loved Boston. A small square shaft marks the resting place of this hero whose deeds entitle him to a warm place in our hearts.

To quote from one of his biographers, Thomas C. Harbaugh:

"While the story of the Paul Revere of history is longer than that of the patriot hero of the ballad, it is none the less interesting, for it shows he was a man who could do more than ride by night and warn the people of the farms about the march of the enemy. He knew how to handle the graver and the sword as well as to ply the spur."

NEW ENGLAND'S JOAN OF ARC

Many of us have read of the French maid Joan of Arc who has been honored for her brave leadership in the dark days of France. How many of us are aware of the historical fact that we had in New England during the Revolution just as brave a girl and just as true-hearted, as Joan of Arc?

Deborah Sampson was born in Plympton, near Plymouth on December 17, 1760. Losing her father when she was less than four years old, she was brought up by strangers on a farm. She had the scanty opportunities of that day for an education but she did manage to become qualified to teach a small district school in the summer months. Being a direct descendant of Captain Myles Standish and of Governor William Bradford, it was perfectly natural that when the War of the Revolution broke out, she should envy men in being able to fight for their country.

It was her war as well as theirs and in the summer of 1778 a bold resolution was formed in her mind. During her leisure she made a masculine attire, the cloth for which she had woven herself. Shoes and other parts of the

new garb that she intended to don she bought under one excuse or another, until she had a complete suit.

Her maidenly modesty forbade that she should give away her secret to any one. So late one night she stole out of her room and walked to Boston. As daylight began to show she grew fainthearted about being seen in a man's clothes, so she kept out of sight for the day. The following day she ventured to call at a farmhouse for something to eat.

Finding new courage day by day she finally offered herself as a recruit in Medway, where she joined the company of Captain Nathan Thayer. Apparently no one had suspected her disguise. This was not to be wondered at when one takes into consideration her appearance. She was described as five feet seven inches in height, with "a blooming complexion, large hazel eyes and a composed and somewhat masculine air." Her most grievous trouble was the attention young women were disposed to pay her wherever she went.

In camp she attracted more attention than she wanted on account of her youthful appearance. She soon became known as "Molly, the smockfaced boy," as her countenance bore no sign of a beard. Yet no one seemed to

mistrust her sex and as she became a willing, good-natured soldier, she won the admiration and friendship of all.

She gave the name of Robert Shurtleft and was finally assigned to the Fourth Massachusetts Infantry. In exchange for her home-made suit she was given a uniform consisting of a blue coat with white trimmings, white knee breeches and stockings.

Her conduct was in apt keeping with her appearance so that Robert soon became a favorite. There was no undertaking she shrank from meeting and more than once she came near losing her life. While on the skirmish line one bleak winter day she froze her feet so badly that the nails dropped off. For this campaign she was made a sergeant and placed in command of thirty men.

With this company she was sent to capture a band of mounted guerillas, made up of a posse of Dutch blue bloods of New York City. Several of these were killed or captured and the rest scattered while the victorious rebels returned with several horses. In the affray the young sergeant was severely wounded in the leg and felled with a smart blow from a sabre.

Though her boot was half filled with blood

when she was found, rather than go to a hospital she begged of her men to leave her there to die. But one of the men lifted her in his arms and placing her on his horse in front of him, carried her unwillingly to the hospital at Crown Point.

The surgeon dressed only her sabre wound. She stoutly maintained silence in regard to her other wound. As soon as she could get away she extracted the bullet herself with a big needle and penknife and went back to her company, as if nothing had happened.

But outward appearances were deceptive. Her wound pained her so that she was obliged to ask permission to fall behind the company for a few days when she went to a farmhouse to give her wound time to heal. She was not fortunate in her choice of a temporary home. The farmer proved to be a rank Tory who did everything to make her stay unpleasant. His daughter on the other hand fell desperately in love with the fair American soldier and tried to bother their visitor with her attentions. Between the two of them Deborah was glad when she could leave. Later she had the pleasure of leading her men to capture the Tory farmer and taking him into camp.

Soon she was sent on a trip as the bearer of an important message and on the way she

was surprised by the enemy and forced to flee for her life. It was a dark, stormy night and finding herself on the bank of a deep, turgid river with the enemy close upon her, she plunged into the water up to her armpits. The night was in mid-December and the water cold.

Finally the opposite bank was reached. She dragged her weary and drenched body out upon the frozen ground. Crawling to a nearby shed not far away she lay in her wet garments until morning, shivering with the cold.

The following spring she was recommended to become the personal attendant of General Patterson, a position she held for several months. She was now in comfortable quarters and was allowed a horse. A chaplain visiting the general was so pleased with the attention he received from his aide that he remarked as he was leaving:

"I must thank you for your fare and no more than for the politeness of your attendant, who appears to possess the grace and civility of a girl."

In June Deborah was sent to Philadelphia as the bearer of special dispatches. She delivered them safely, but before she could leave the city she was stricken with a fever raging

there at the time. Here was an enemy she could not combat, and one who could not protect her secret. More dead than alive, she was taken to a hospital and for days her mind wandered. Fortunately her nurse was a woman, who as soon as she was beginning to improve, said:

"I have learned your secret, my daughter."

The words were spoken so kindly that Deborah Sampson was not as surprised as would have been expected.

"Have you told others?" she faltered.

"Not a soul, my dear. How could you dare to take such risks?"

"I could see no other way. Now I may go?"

"In a few days; as soon as you are strong enough. But you will discard that attire?"

"Alas! and be the laughing stock of every one. I cannot—yet."

So the subject was dropped. The woman could not have treated her more kindly had she been her own daughter, and when they parted both wept.

The hospital doctor called her aside before she left and handed her a letter saying:

"Kindly hand this to General Patterson from me, Robert."

Without dreaming what information this letter might contain, she accepted the trust

and departed, glad the ordeal was over. That night off the Jersey coast her boat was upset and she lost everything she had except this letter.

Upon reaching West Point and entering the presence of the commander, she handed him the letter from the hospital doctor. The general tore open the seal, but while he read his features turned pale. Deborah Sampson knew then that her secret had been told. She trembled as the commander asked:

"Is it true that you are a woman?"

"What will be done with me if I tell the truth?"

"You have nothing to fear. You have been too good a soldier for me to censure."

Then the brave girl who had forded dark rivers in cold winter, who had carried secret messages of great importance, who had led victorious men to the front, did what many another woman has done. She burst into tears and fainted.

When she had sufficiently recovered and been forgiven, she asked to put on a handsome gown she had seen at the general's headquarters. Attired in this, she was escorted by General Patterson himself up and down the lines to the startled amazement of her former comrades.

The war was practically ended, Cornwallis had surrendered and her military work was over. That grand old Bostonian, General Knox, signed her discharge; and with many testimonials of her bravery and faithfulness as a soldier, she bade them all adieu.

Upon reaching Boston she began to look about for work. Thinking she could do better in man's attire she again donned masculine clothes and went out to Stoughton. Here she was fortunate in securing a position as farm laborer and another situation more permanent, for within three months she was married to Benjamin Gannett. He had suspected her identity at once and resolved to make her his wife. The couple retired to East Sharon where they built themselves a comfortable home and reared a family of three children.

Her past history was now well known, so her deeds were the talk of the vicinity. It is claimed that she went to Boston to gratify the public desire to see her. At the first Boston theater on the north corner of Franklin and Federal streets she gave an exhibition drill which she did with a precision and spirit that won her great applause.

Deborah Gannett had never received a cent

of money for her service of almost three years but in 1792 the Massachusetts Legislature granted her the sum of one hundred and seventy dollars. One day she was surprised to receive a letter from President Washington directed to "Robert Shurtleft, late a soldier in the American Army." It asked her to come to Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States. She finally decided to answer the summons.

Not without considerable trepidation was she ushered into the august presence of the President who received her most kindly, gave her some money and spoke acknowledgments of her bravery. During her stay in the city a bill was passed by Congress granting her a pension and a tract of land in recognition of her estimable service to her country. Her pension of eight dollars a month she received until her husband's death.

Deborah Gannett passed away in 1827, loved and honored as few women are. Each Memorial Day flowers are placed over her last resting place where also the American flag floats proudly. A grandson, Benjamin Gannett, died not many years ago; while descendants still live who cherish her memory.

News of the attack and retreat of the British soldiers of Boston upon Lexington and Concord spread over New England like wildfire. The people of the country had been talking of war and looking for war but the more conservative had hoped the quarrel might be settled without resort to arms. This dream was now dispelled. Everywhere the leading topic of conversation was war.

From the headwaters of Lake George down to Lake Champlain earnest patriots were meeting secretly and discussing the perilous situation. The dispute with New York had not yet ended. But here was a graver condition. While New York kept her hostile feelings and the Vermonters their farms, the countenances of men grew unfriendly to British rule.

Already a body of farmers and mountain men had been organized to oppose the inroads of the New York claimants for their homes and land. Styled derisively at first by the New Yorkers as the "Green Mountain Boys," this name had been accepted by them with pride. So brave and daring did they soon be-

come that their enemies stood in fear of them.

Foremost among them was Colonel Ethan Allen. He had been the first to resist the New Yorkers in their attempts to wrest the debatable ground from the New Hampshire settlers. A reward of one hundred and fifty pounds for his arrest had been placed upon his head by Governor Tyron of New York. He had been sent to Albany to represent the people and had advised resistance. His own words were caught up by friend and foe: "The gods of the valley are not the gods of the hills."

The British commanded the Grand Highway, as the waterway of Lake George and Lake Champlain was known, by holding fortifications at Ticonderoga, Skenesboro and Crown Point and minor positions.

A body of the leaders in affairs met in secret conclave at Catamount Tavern, Bennington, Vermont, and unanimously voted that they must be taken. Ethan Allen was naturally the choice of the Vermonters as leader, a position he gladly accepted.

The first order was to check all communication of the proposed movement to Ticonderoga. Men were rallied quietly and quickly. Within twenty-four hours the little force was

mustered at Bennington and its immediate vicinity. There were not many men but their doughty commander felt they would be sufficient to start with, providing the British did not become alarmed. Major Beach was sent north through Rutland, Brandon and other towns to rally all he could and meet Allen with his squad at Castleton on May 7. So swiftly was this work carried out that on the morning designated Castleton was reached where Allen was joined by the company under Beach.

While Colonel Allen and many of his men were familiar with the surroundings of Ticonderoga and its fortifications, it was felt necessary to secure a guide. The leader was told of a youth named Nathan Beman who, though only eighteen, knew the country better than most men.

Nathan's parents lived on one of the hillside farms not far away and hither Allen himself went to obtain his services.

"Nathan knows every foot of the country between here and the fort," said his father, "and what is better still he knows every part of the works. He has been to the very doors of the garrison and been invited in by the British commandant."

Nathan willingly accepted the trust.

While this force of Green Mountain Boys was being organized, John Brown of Massachusetts had passed through this section of Vermont on a secret mission to the Indians about Montreal. He had stopped at Bennington where he secured the services of a guide and interpreter, an old hunter by the name of Peleg Sunderland. From what was told by Sunderland and from what he had seen and learned otherwise, Brown decided that the capture of Fort Ticonderoga was not only very essential to the colonists but it might be easily surprised and taken.

Upon reaching his destination in Canada he sent word to Boston of the importance of capturing the fortress on the neck of land in the town by that name and how easily it might be done. He recommended that the New Hampshire colonists were the ones to do it under the leadership of a suitable person.

Benedict Arnold who had rushed to Cambridge from Hartford, Connecticut, applied to the authorities for command of an expedition which should reduce the fortifications. He claimed he knew the situation and winning the encouragement of Dr. Warren, his request was granted. Accordingly with the

commission of colonel he set forth with an aide and authority to raise men. Before he had left the Connecticut valley he had rallied four hundred men who were to follow him; while he went ahead to enlist others in Vermont.

Men of money and influence at Hartford had heard of Arnold's prediction in regard to Ticonderoga. They began preparations toward carrying out the undertaking. The province voted three hundred pounds from its treasury to meet the expense and sent messengers with the money for the purpose of securing Ethan Allen who was a Connecticut man, as the leader of the attack.

Three scouts had barely departed before Captain Mott, an old soldier, arrived at Hartford and hearing of the intended campaign, volunteered to join the soldiers. By the time he had reached Bennington his force had been reinforced by fifty men and he was greeted cordially by the Green Mountain Boys.

News had come in that day of the reinforcement of the British defense at Ticonderoga, which instead of discouraging them, made the little regiment of men all the more determined than ever to carry out the original plan.

At Castleton the Vermonters were met by a general surprise which for a time threatened to end the expedition. Here Allen's right as commander was disputed by Benedict Arnold who had gone hither with all speed possible, armed with authority to assume command of the campaign. Greatly to Arnold's surprise, Captain Mott, who was president of a Committee of War, boldly declared that Ethan Allen had been placed in command by unanimous consent. Arnold stoutly objected and showed his papers which no one could question.

"Not one of these men was enlisted by you," declared Captain Mott, "and they will refuse to serve under you."

"Aye, aye, to a man!" claimed the entire force. "We came to serve under Ethan Allen and serve under him we will or return to our homes."

Arnold was helpless. His four hundred men had not arrived. He was obliged to pocket his colonel's commission and join the little army of two hundred and seventy men as a volunteer, all but fifty of whom were Green Mountain Boys.

Upon arriving at Shoreham it was found that only one small craft had been procured to take them across the lake. The night was

wearing away. Without delay eighty men with Allen, Arnold and Easton leading them, started in this boat. The balance waited to be taken over under command of Captain Seth Warner.

The roads had been carefully guarded in every direction. But day was breaking and a man with the nervous temperament of Allen could not brook delay. He realized that the time required to bring over the other men would give the British garrison opportunity to awaken. Immediately Allen turned to his little body of troops and explaining the situation in a few words he said:

"Delay means disaster and possibly our capture. Let every man who is ready to enter into immediate attack poise his firelock."

Every weapon was raised instantly. Once more Arnold put in his claim to command but Allen resolutely denied his right.

"Lead the way, Nathan, to the commandant's apartment, and mind you do not run into a trap."

Young Beman quickly showed that he was equal to his task. Down past the outer works he boldly marched until he reached the gate, where he stopped and whispered:

"The sentry is there. His beat is not long.

I will signal you the moment his back is turned."

Just as soon as the signal was given Allen pinioned the man to the ground. He was soon tied and gagged.

"Now the entrance to the commandant's quarters," whispered Allen.

Nathan Beman was already slipping past the wicket gate with Allen close behind him. Arriving at the barricaded door, Nathan said in a low tone:

"Captain Delaplace sleeps within."

Allen dealt the stout door a thundering rap and replied to the demand from the other side:

"Open the door at once or your garrison is doomed."

In a moment the startled commandant stood before him in his night clothes. The leader of the Green Mountain Boys demanded his surrender.

"In whose name?" faltered the frightened officer.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied the daring captor in tones that could not be misunderstood. The British official ordered his men to parade without arms and Ticonderoga had

been taken without the loss of a drop of blood. Among all the fighters in this attack there was none braver than the young boy guide, Nathan Beman.

THE SCOUT OF SILVER POND

At the headwaters of Otter Creek, Vermont, and dropped like a buckler of silver in one of the most beautiful valleys in the Green Mountain State, lies a body of water so small it is not given notice on the maps. This lakelet was known far and wide in the days of '76 on account of the exploits of a single individual less than twenty years old, famous as the "Scout of Silver Pond."

Hither this scout's parents had come ten years before to build themselves a home. Not long after his father had fallen in the fight to maintain his land grants and this young boy of ten had been left to protect his mother.

At a late hour on a sultry July night in the summer of 1777, a spectator might have seen now and then at irregular intervals, a solitary man wending his way with apparent indifference out of the local village. This observer would have noticed more than one of these lonely wanderers, all of whom finally brought up at the same rendezvous, an old hay barn standing a few rods back from one of the cross roads.

To all appearances it was filled to overflowing with the products of newly mown fields. Fully a score of men had come hither and after giving a cautious signal and whispering a word, had entered the barn. The last to come was a youth of slender figure, modest mien and clearcut features which defined an honest heart and unswerving fidelity to any cause he might espouse. He too paused to give a low rap upon the board and whispered the magic word:

"Allen!"

Then a narrow section of the wall swung ajar and a voice from within said:

"Enter, Randolph Noble."

The newcomer was quickly ushered into what seemed like an amphitheatre hewn out of the solid hay mow. It was large enough so that the twenty odd men seated in a semicircle, were quite comfortably accommodated. At the farther end stood the presiding officer of the assembly.

At that moment a small-sized, smooth-faced man had arisen and begun to address the chair in a clear, emphatic tone, growing more earnest and eloquent as he continued:

"Fort Independence has fallen. Ticonderoga is in the hands of the enemy. The British

army with nearly eight thousand trained soldiers under Burgoyne are preparing to invade New England. Vermont, this very locality where we meet, will be the first to suffer at their hands. Over our prostrate bodies, bleeding and quivering will they march to the complete devastation of all New England.

"With New England subjugated, the very birthplace of American freedom, the enemy will turn southward and march triumphantly to the Carolinas. Where then is your vaunted liberty? Where is the birthright of your fathers? Are you going to sit meekly by while the enemy grapples you by the throat?

"This is not a time for words but the hour for action. Only today the infamous leader of the Red Coats made clever overtures to our council session, overtures they cannot ignore though it be to our everlasting shame. It is nothing less than to sell ourselves to the butcher. To refuse is to offer our beloved ones and ourselves to an enemy that knows neither mercy nor compassion.

"It is true a surrender will delay our punishment. But it cannot save our honor and the suffering will be the keener when it comes, as come it must. Knowing all this, the people are ready to make the sacrifice, as if it

were easier to pay the penance tomorrow in dishonor than it is today in the strength of our manhood."

"We know what you say is true, Ira Allen," broke in a stalwart young man who had listened to every word of the speaker with breathless interest. "Shame upon the heads of those who barter our honor for a few days' reprieve. What would you have us do, Ira Allen? Point the way and we will follow, even to the precipice."

"Spoken like you, Remember Baker," replied the speaker who was none other than Ethan Allen's brother. "Do? Let me tell you what we will do. Alone Vermont is helpless—aye, already tied hand and foot. But the Connecticut men are yet true to us and our cause. And so is Massachusetts. But they are not sufficient. Let us look to him who stood by his colors so gallantly when the French swarmed down upon the gate to New England. Let us send to New Hampshire for Stark and his Rangers; and if they can come before the British hirelings reach here, we are saved."

At this juncture a whispered announcement came from near the entrance and was passed along to the chairman who rose to say:

"I understand Scout Noble has come. He may have some news for us. Randolph Noble," addressing the youth, "have you anything to say? Is Burgoyne still moving this way?"

Being thus directly addressed the youth stepped forward so he could be seen by all, while making himself heard without raising his voice:

"I have nothing of importance to say at this moment, Mr. Chairman."

As he concluded his words the Scout of Silver Pond made a few swift passes with his hands which in the silent language was read by at least one present to mean the presence of a spy.

"Where?" asked Remember Baker in the same form of silent speech.

"In the hay behind me," replied the scout who then resumed his remarks to the chairman as if nothing unusual was about to take place, saying:

"Ira Allen is right when he says this is a time for work rather than talk. You may cut the grass when the dew is on it, but make hay while the sun shines. This is just as essential as—"

While he was speaking in a slow, deliberate tone, Remember Baker, realizing very fully

the brief message of alarm given by Randolph Noble, had quickly crossed the narrow floor as if he had suddenly decided to speak to the chairman. Few in the meeting had given a second thought to Baker's movement until without warning to them the stalwart Green Mountain Boy had torn aside a thin veiling of hay from that quarter of the mow. Seizing upon the shoulders of a man concealed there Baker dragged him forth into the sight of all. Though covered with loose hay, they saw at a glance that he was a British subject.

"Let no man leave his seat unless commanded to. Grayson and Gilman, help Baker to take the prisoner to the tie-up and see that he does not outwit you."

The two men called upon to assist Remember Baker obeyed with alacrity. Though the British spy resisted all he could the three men had little difficulty in removing him from his hiding place. When this had been accomplished and the three were looking after the prisoner, the chairman said to the young scout who had remained standing:

"Have you more to say, Mr. Noble?"

"Mr. Chairman," said the boy modestly, "Ira Allen has not overdrawn the danger hanging over us. Not only is Vermont dis-

traught but New York is frantic. She is being ground between Saratoga and New York. She cannot even help herself, much more us. The enemy has been working secretly among us. Burgoyne is bending every energy to effect a surprise before we are prepared. He will accomplish his purpose unless we act at once. Ira Allen was right when he said to send to New Hampshire for succor before it is too late."

"Stark is sulking in retirement, smarting over an insult dealt him by Congress," declared one of the listeners.

"More's the shame to Congress and to all!" cried the young scout, his eyes flashing out the deep indignation he felt. "This is not a time to nurse a personal grievance. Every man's liberty is at stake. Only this morning I left my poor lonely mother in tears, begging me not to leave her. But I came away vowing in my heart that I would never go back, as much as I love her, until my country was free."

This daring speech was greeted with an applause that shook the walls and the very rafters of the old building. As soon as order was restored, Ira Allen again addressed the chairman, saying:

"All honor to the Scout of Silver Pond who I know will keep his word. I am just as confident that Stark remembers his friends and will answer our appeal. New Hampshire is not asleep. We can depend upon her in this dire situation, only we must act quickly lest the foe finds us unprepared.

"Knowing that you would agree to it I have written a letter to the General Court of New Hampshire now in session demanding that they send troops to our aid. They will do it for their own safety as well as ours. I shall present this letter tomorrow morning at our Council. Immediately upon getting its sanction I want a mounted courier to be ready to take it to President Langdon at Exeter."

"Bravo for you, Ira Allen!" and the words were prolonged into a cheer. "Name your messenger and he shall be ready."

"I know of no one more trustworthy than Randolph Noble, the Scout of Silver Pond," declared Allen, now taking a seat.

Another cheer filled the strange chamber. Five minutes later the lanterns had been dimmed and one by one the men departed, each to go his way with one purpose filling all their hearts.

Ira Allen presented his letter to the Coun-

cil who unanimously voted that it should be sent with all speed possible. Within an hour Noble was in the saddle and bidding adieu to his friends. He was starting on his long ride across two states with one of the most important documents ever submitted to a courier in this country.

He was once held up by a stupid sheriff who demanded of him who he might be and where he might be going.

"To meet a long lost friend in distress, and you may pardon me for my unseeming haste," retorted the young rider. With that he touched his spirited horse with his spurs. The animal plunged forward and in so doing sent the officer reeling backward into the ditch. Noble was half a mile away before the sputtering sheriff had regained his feet and was starting hopelessly after the departing courier.

Again a bridge in western New Hampshire fell fifteen minutes after he had crossed it. But he had no time to linger and on the eighteenth of July he sent Ira Allen's ringing letter into the General Court then in session in the Court House in Exeter.

Immediately all other business was suspended and the speaker read aloud the re-

markable letter of the Vermont patriot in which he said:

"The defenceless inhabitants of the frontier of Vermont are heartily disposed to defend their liberties, and make a frontier for your state with their own. . . . You will naturally understand that when we cease as a frontier your state must take it."

As Ira Allen had predicted, the appeal was not in vain. That sterling patriot, Speaker John Langdon, immediately put at the service of the state his worldly goods which guaranteed the payment of the expenses of the undertaking. He closed his stirring speech with the prophecy, "We can raise a brigade; and our friend Stark who so nobly sustained the honor of our arms at Bunker Hill, may be safely entrusted with the command; and we will check Burgoyne."

By the prompt and decisive action of the General Court an independent body of troops, unsanctioned by the higher court of the country, was created. John Stark self-exiled from active duty, was made commander. There was no mustering of the men before starting but word was sent out for volunteers to meet at Old Number Four, now Charlestown, to unite under Stark. There may have been

magic in his name; there was certainly magnetism in the call, for in the short time volunteers to the number of eleven hundred had reached the rendezvous.

With these troops, Stark went ahead to Manchester, Vermont, where they were joined by a body of Green Mountain Boys under Seth Warner. So swiftly and energetically were the allied troops organized and led into the fray that the enemy was surprised five miles from their intended attack at Bennington, and completely routed.

This victory placed the Battle of Bennington among the decisive battles of the world. While forming his men for this victory, their leader Stark, rising in his stirrups and pointing with his sword to where the enemy was entrenched, shouted his immortal words:

"Yonder, boys, are the Red Coats and their hirelings. We whip them today or Mollie Stark sleeps a widow!"

Randolph Noble was in the thickest of that fight. He was twice wounded but not seriously, for within a month he was in the Mohawk campaign and continued serving his country throughout the balance of the war. At one time he won the personal approbation of General Washington.

Nearly three weeks after Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, a young man—none other than Randolph Noble—might have been seen approaching an humble abode on the shore of Silver Pond. He was nearly four years older than when he carried the message across the states, and looked somewhat seedy in dress. But he stepped with all his former lightness of foot. His mother who had aged during his absence opened the door. At one swift glance she cried as she rushed into his arms:

"Randolph, my son! You have come to stay this time? You will not leave me again?"

"No, mother. Never while I live. The cause of the Green Mountain Boys has been vindicated. The enemy has surrendered and America is free!"

YOUNG DICK JONES, A HERO OF '76

The war for American independence called forth some of the most notable examples of heroism that history records. Not only were the men imbued with the spirit of patriotism, but the women and boys and girls were equally as brave and earnest.

Among the youngest to espouse the cause of liberty was little Richard Jones. He was but a month and a few days over nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was given to the world. He soon afterwards enlisted at Hartford, Connecticut, for a term of three years, becoming the youngest soldier on the pay roll of the entire army.

He was a native of Colchester in Connecticut and joined Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regiment. Considering him too young to carry a musket, his officers instructed young Dick to play the fife which he did with much satisfaction to all.

While on a detail to prevent some lumber from falling into the hands of the enemy, Captain Watson and half a dozen others were surprised and captured by the English. Among the prisoners was Dick Jones who,

nothing daunted by his misfortune, proved much the calmest of the entire party which was at once taken to the British headquarters at Newport. Upon their arrival no time was lost in taking the captives before the commander for examination. Naturally the captain was ordered forward first; then Dick anxious to learn what fate had in store for them, followed his leader.

"So you rebel dog, you have come here to be taught a lesson in good discipline, have you?" demanded the pompous British commander of Captain Watson. Ere he could reply, the Englishman on catching sight of Dick, demanded with increased fury:

"Who is this little stripling? Who are you, boy, and what are you doing here?"

Proudly straightening his diminutive figure, Dick replied before the officer who had brought them there could speak:

"I am one of King Hancock's men and I am fighting for him."

"A big man, are you? I should like to see a specimen of your fighting."

"You can, sir," replied Dick, still undaunted.

"Dare you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What do you think you could do with him, such a little lad as you? Why, we have *men* in our ranks," putting a strong emphasis on the word *men*.

"All men are boys first, sir."

The officer showed that he was interested if not pleased at the boldness of the young patriot. Looking over the group gathered about the place he pointed at the boatswain's boy who was several years older and considerably larger, saying:

"Have you the courage to fight him for your King Hancock?"

Giving the young Britisher a hasty survey, Dick replied:

"Yes, sir; and if I don't whip him, it will be because he is bigger than I am."

"Do you hear that, Peavey?" asked the officer, turning to the young Briton. "Strip and battle for your king. Get ready, both of you."

Very little time was lost in preparation. As soon as the English lad had divested himself of all superfluous clothing, Dick was in readiness for him and the two sprang at once to "rough and tumble" work. Soon it became evident that owing to his advantage in

years the British boy was stronger. But this was offset by the other's quicker motions; so they soon showed that they were quite evenly matched.

At the first onset Dick was dashed back against the wall. It looked as though he was going to be worsted at the very beginning; and high and clear rang the cry:

"King George to the front! Hurrah for King George!"

The echoes of this shout had not died away before the little rebel had escaped the other's clutch and flinging him aside stood free of him. Then again they rushed at each other and Dick came so near flooring his antagonist that Captain Watson and his companions could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Hurrah for King Hancock!"

The next moment Dick's foot slipped and he was hurled headlong to the floor. Again the shouts for King George filled the building. Though down, Dick was not overpowered. Before his rival could reach him he was on his feet again ready to renew the struggle. On the alert against a repetition of his blunder, Dick was not to be caught off his guard again; though twice the British boy who was showing himself to be made of good stuff, barely missed dashing him to the floor.

Dick evened all these chances later. It began to look as if neither side was going to win. The spectators, forgetting their hostility, watched the conflict with liveliest possible interest, each side cheering on its favorite until the old building rang with enthusiasm.

Little Dick was fired by a determination never to give up as long as he could stand alone, while his adversary was beginning to feel the effects of the protracted struggle. The young American realized that his antagonist was weakening. Watching his opportunity, he suddenly brought his foot around behind his knees with so much force that Peavey was tumbled over upon the floor.

"Quick! Don't let the rebel pin you down!" cried his friends. But Dick was already lying prone across him and the young Britisher found himself unable to rise.

"Do you give up?" demanded Dick between his clinched teeth. "I shall press harder if—"

"Let go! I give up!" faltered the other.

Amid an intense silence Dick rose to his feet. The English commander was frowning but Dick met his gaze calmly as if nothing unusual had been done.

"You are a plucky boy," declared the officer at last. "Your victory has won for you

your release. Begone! But remember if you fall into my hands again you will not fare so well."

Bowing respectfully, Dick went away, wishing he might do something to save his friends. His opportunity came sooner than he expected. Near the close of the following day as he was strolling idly around the town, he met one who recognized him.

"How came you here, Dick? I had supposed you were in the hands of the British."

"So I was yesterday, but I got away."

"You are a brave lad. Now I have been secretly looking over the fort here and have hit upon a plan by which I think we might rescue Captain Watson and his soldiers. Are you brave enough to go inside the lines of the enemy?"

"You might try me, sir," was the cautious reply.

"If you dare to risk your life I will do it."

"I will do what I can."

"Good. Now see here. This garrison is defended by only a few British soldiers. I have a dozen men I can rally in a few minutes—perhaps more. If I help you climb this high fence do you suppose you could reach the gate and unfasten it before the British could stop you?"

"I can try, sir."

"You shall have the chance. Come on."

The man led him hurriedly around to where the stockade wound round at the back of the fortress.

"If you should stand on my shoulders, do you suppose you could climb over the top?"

"I think so."

"If there should happen to be a sentry on the inside?"

"I should wait until his back is turned."

"Good. Now we will take care of the outside sentinel while you are opening the gates. Then we will rush in, overpower the men and rescue the boys. Are you ready to try your part?"

"Yes, sir. As it is growing dark we have little time to lose."

"True. But remember if you fail it will cost you your life."

"I have but one life to lose, sir. Raise me up."

Selecting the highest place he could find to stand on, the man lifted Dick up, up, until he could barely touch the top iron rail.

"You can reach it by standing on my head," whispered the man. "Do not hesitate."

Dick did as he was told and as his head came above the rim of the wall he caught

sight of a man walking slowly back and forth.

"Wait until his back is turned," said Dick in a low tone.

A moment later he raised himself slowly and noiselessly over the top of the high stockade. The sentry had evidently not heard him for he was still slowly pacing his beat. Dick saw no one else in sight, so he pulled himself over and dropped silently upon the ground inside the defense.

He realized that a slight sound from him meant his death. With light steps he followed the retreating Britisher who was now passing the gate he had to reach. Fortunately he was unaware of the fact that he had been seen by one of the occupants of the fortress.

Swiftly he rushed along until he stood before the gate. He seized the heavy bar which held it firmly locked, wondering if he could move it. It shot back easier than he had expected. Then throwing his slight body against the cumbersome door, it swung ajar and Dick fell headlong into the dust.

At that moment a cry came from the aroused sentry who had discovered him in the act of opening the barrier. He came racing down the course toward the opening. If Dick's

friend had failed him Dick was lost. But no. The outside sentry was struggling even then in his grasp while a body of men came rushing to the spot. They were just in time to clutch the British soldier and in the twinkling of an eye both men were tied and gagged. Before those inside the fort had come to realize what was taking place, the squad of rescuers were demanding admission to the headquarters of the commandant.

The bold affair had taken place so quickly and silently that the officer was dumfounded. He surrendered without resistance and inside of fifteen minutes Captain Watson and his men were free.

Young Dick Jones received the lion's share of the credit. His service to his country did not end with this heroic act for he continued to serve throughout the War. He was with General Arnold in the victory of Saratoga. He suffered with the other soldiers through that bitter winter at Valley Forge where he gained the friendship of Washington; and he shared with the other soldiers in the glory of the victory at Yorktown.

THE VOLUNTEER SWIMMER OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

"A message must be taken to the commander of the forces attacking Fort Independence, and to accomplish this purpose the messenger must swim Lake Champlain. It is too dangerous a mission for me to command one to attempt it. Is there a man present who dares to volunteer?"

The speaker was Colonel Brown, in command at "Old Ti" after its capture by the Green Mountain Boys and the New Hampshire Rangers in the early days of the Revolution.

While Fort Ticonderoga had fallen an easy victim to the prowess of the American troops, the British still commanded the passage of Lake Champlain and were especially troublesome at a point nearly opposite Old Ti and known as Mount Independent. Here a body of American troops had for several days been trying to effect a capture. Now Colonel Brown had an important message to forward. With British warships continually passing back and forth on the lake which at this season of the year was very very cold, the gallant officer naturally hesitated before he asked that fateful question:

"Is there a man present who dares to volunteer?"

Sometimes the bravest are the most cautious; and realizing the three-fold perils and suffering that overshadowed the undertaking, for a brief space no man accepted the challenge. Then a youth, a boy in his teens, stepped forward and saluting the officer said:

"I am willing to try, Colonel."

The speaker was fourteen and not large for his age and the soldiers of that hardy regiment showed their shame and chagrin at being outdone by a mere stripling. Their pride wounded now, half a dozen men advanced saying in the same breath:

"I will do it."

"Bravo, comrades!" responded Colonel Brown, adding, "but first of all my heartfelt thanks for the boy Ephraim Webster, who showed you the way. Of course I cannot think of letting him go when there are men to undertake the hazard."

"But I was the one to volunteer first," persisted the youth.

"Don't disappoint Ephraim, Colonel," said one of the volunteers whose name was Richard Wallace. "You may trust him and me to do it, Colonel."

"You can do it if any one can," declared Colonel Brown though he felt very doubtful that it could be accomplished.

Sunset had come by the time an officer handed them the dispatch which the brave messengers were to carry across the lake to the American commander, General Lincoln. The distance was three miles but in order to escape the British warships that lay in their course they would be obliged nearly to double the distance. To add to this, it was a cold night in late September.

"We can never make it, my boy, the water is so cold," declared Mr. Wallace, than whom there was not a braver or stouter man in the army, a man of great physical strength and courage.

However, neither Wallace nor Ephraim Webster had any idea of giving up the swim. Both rolled their clothes into as compact a bundle as possible while Ephraim placed the dispatch in the center of his bundle. Both fastened their bundles at the back of the neck by bringing a stout cord over the forehead. Side by side the two stepped into the water which was so cold that it made them shiver. The sky was lighted only by the stars which were frequently obscured by dark clouds scurrying

RICHARD WALLACE AND EPHRAIM WEBSTER HAD NO IDEA OF GIVING UP THE SWIM

southward before a strong north wind. Now and then they heard the ominous refrain of some British sentry saying, "All's well!"

"Let's keep close together, lad," had been Wallace's last words as they started off. Both kept that purpose in mind. On and on they swam unseen by their foes but feeling with increasing agony the burden of their task. Ephraim felt the water getting colder as his strength was ebbing away.

Not a word was spoken by either during the whole of that long, trying ordeal, for a single sound might have betrayed them to the British. Ephraim judged that they must be nearing the eastern shore when he felt the cord slipping from his forehead. He carefully adjusted it tighter. Wallace was now gaining on him and for the first time Ephraim began to wonder if he would reach land. Still determined to see it through, he did not call out to his companion. His limbs were fast becoming numb and he knew he was slowing up. Just how long it was before he felt his feet touching the bottom and the strong arm of Wallace clasp him as he was about to fall, he did not know.

"God be praised, lad! We have made it. You are the bravest boy I ever saw."

Ephraim seemed to fall asleep then for a little later he found Wallace rubbing his numb limbs and urging him to exercise himself as much as possible.

Though they had a dangerous task to find the American camp in the midst of the enemy they accomplished their mission successfully and had the satisfaction of placing the dispatch in the hands of General Lincoln. Their deed was not in vain for it bore the fruit of victory over the British and it was not long before Lake Champlain was free of the British.

Richard Wallace never recovered from the effects of that September night's swim across Lake Champlain. Ephraim Webster served throughout the Revolution with honor and when the war was over he settled in the Mohawk valley. When Indian troubles broke out between them and the settlers he was selected to act as mediator. To do this successfully he lived among the Indians for a time, being known to them as the "White Chief." The whites came to know him as "The Peacemaker" as there was no danger from the Indians where the influence of Ephraim Webster was felt. When he died a monument was erected to his memory by the State of New York, which bore this designation of honor.

THE MARTYRDOM OF NATHAN HALE

The valor of young Nathan Hale dates from the morning of April 20, 1775, the day following the fight at Lexington. A messenger mounted upon a sturdy horse dashed into New London in Connecticut bringing the news of the struggle of the Continentals against the British at Lexington. He paused in the middle of the street and began to address the growing crowd gathering there.

"Look, teacher, at the people on the street! What has happened?"

The school teacher who was none other than young Nathan Hale paused in the midst of his explanation of a problem on the blackboard. He was young—twenty years of age and just graduated from Yale College; and had established a marked reputation as an instructor in a nearby town, Haddam.

He had first seen the light of day in a modest home in the town of Coventry, on June 6, 1755. He had been tutored for college by his good pastor and graduated with high honors in 1775. With his tall, manly figure and graceful manner, broad shouldered, blue-eyed and good natured, he was foremost in athletic

exercise and a leader in the discussion of the questions of the day. He was a general favorite among all people and especially with his pupils.

As the excitement among his boys continued and the sound of the speaker's earnest voice was wafted into him through the open window, he finally stepped toward it and peered out upon an unexpected scene. Gathered together around the statue of King George on the distant common a mob was listening to the harangue of a stranger seated upon his horse and addressing them in an excited tone.

Finding his pupils were showing but little interest in their studies and being anxious to know what message the horseman was giving to his listeners, Hale closed the school for a recess and joined the throng.

"I tell you they mean to fight and the sooner we are ready for them the better."

The crowd cheered lustily as the speaker closed his remarks.

"What is it he has been saying?" asked Hale who understood well the intense feeling of patriotism surging in the breast of every man.

"He is a messenger from Massachusetts

and he brings us word of a battle which took place only yesterday between the British army and the Continentals. He is going to say more—no, he is falling from his horse. The poor man is worn out with his long, hard ride."

Willing ones sprang forward and caught the fainting messenger in their arms.

"Take him to the tavern, lads. He must have care and food."

Then a citizen of New London held up his hand to seek silence while he said in a clear, ringing voice:

"The condition is serious, men. I am afraid war is upon us. Let every man who believes in justice and freedom meet me tonight at Miner's Tavern."

Young Hale did not reopen his school except to go back and dismiss it for an indefinite period. He was too patriotic in his intentions and too earnest in his convictions to remain idle so long. His influence and intelligence were needed and from that day on his whole mind was taken up with the thought of aiding the cause of the colonists.

That evening he was in the midst of the crowd which pushed into the tavern and was up near the front. Every man gathered there

was feeling very solemn and very much in earnest. They were first addressed by a man of wealth and influence who spoke seriously and cautioned his listeners against any action they might afterward regret. When he had finished Nathan Hale asked permission to say a few words.

Everyone knew and liked the stalwart young school master and when he stepped upon the platform silence fell upon the group. He had already shown that he was an orator but never had he spoken so eloquently as he did now. He reviewed some of the indignities which had been put upon them by British officials. He pictured in glowing terms the insults and grievances their brothers in Massachusetts had suffered.

"And now," he said in closing, "the enemy has dared to demand at the point of the sword what they should be ashamed to seek by word or deed. Shame upon their cowardice. If they want war let us not lay down our arms until we have gained our independence!"

This was a thought boldly spoken but never before uttered. There were no cowards in Connecticut and many were men of prominence, property and intelligence who had not dared to take so radical a stand. Nathan

Hale was cheered that night as a leader in a new cause. His own character above reproach, he was loved and respected for his honest utterance of the idea uppermost in the minds of nearly all present.

Two companies of soldiers were raised that night and Hale was made sergeant of one of them. In the morning at sunrise they started for Cambridge. Words of encouragement from Governor Jonathan Trumbull came before they started. Sergeant Hale worked hard and continuously to train his men for work. During the following winter he was granted a furlough when he went home to visit at his home in South Coventry.

In the summer of 1776 the army around Boston removed to New York, suffering a defeat at the hands of the British at Long Island and being obliged to retreat to Harlem Heights. As his soldiers were living on short rations Hale and a body of patriots resolved to make a raid on the British for food. At the time a sloop under the protection of a British man-o'-war lay at anchor in the East River. Hale and his companions stole quietly down upon the enemy ship under cover of the darkness, overpowered the single sentinel, fastened down the hatches and so imprisoned

the crew. At daybreak Captain Hale at the helm made fast to the wharf at Cowenty's Slip and the provisions were distributed among the half-famished soldiers.

The men were enlisted for short terms, poorly fed, ill-clad and discontented, with the result that Washington's army was getting into a desperate condition. To add to its discomfitures the British were moving up the river which made Washington's position more and more dangerous. Something had to be done to ascertain the strength and intentions of the British commander.

This information could be obtained only by a personal examination made by some capable spy. He must be not only brave and wise about his perils but he must possess keen tact and good judgment. He must be skilled in military affairs so as to be capable of making drawings of what he might discover.

Colonel Knowlton called for a volunteer to carry out the dangerous endeavor, but for a time no man dared to accept the trust. Above the danger of the undertaking was the dread and fear of being caught as a spy. The odds were almost too much against success for any one to accept the disgrace and fate of being caught.

No one appeared until Nathan Hale volunteered. He had come from a sick bed and was chafing under the thought that he had been drawing pay and was under expense to his government for nearly a year without rendering any adequate return.

"Let me go," he said in a firm tone. "I will do my duty and if I fail I am willing to take the consequences."

In vain his brother officers tried to dissuade him from the purpose. But no one else volunteered. He began his preparations at once and on the evening of September 14, 1776, he started on his perilous mission with the hearty Godspeed of his fellow officers. His servant and fellow townsman, Asher Wright, and a soldier by the name of Stephen Hempstead went with him.

These three followed the New York coast into Connecticut as far as Norwalk. Here they found a place where they considered it safe to cross the Sound to Long Island and Hale then parted with his companions and crossed alone. He landed at a place known as "The Cedars" and walked inland about a mile. On the way he met a staunch rebel named William Johnson who not only gave him breakfast but counsel as to best course for him to pursue.

For nearly a week there is no clear detail of his work. He was now disguised as a school teacher looking for employment and he soon crossed over from Long Island to New York City. In the very heart of the British camp he went among the soldiers, talking and joking with them; while he studied the works, made plans and wrote out his descriptions in Latin. These notes he concealed in his shoes, and his work done, he started on his return for Huntington, Long Island.

Just how he was captured is rather uncertain. But the most reliable explanation is that upon again reaching "The Cedars," and having so far met with no mishap he became somewhat bolder. Nearby was the tavern kept by Rachel Chichester, or "Mother Chich," as she was known, a rabid Tory whose house was a rendezvous for those of her belief.

It was the morning of the twentieth, and as there was no boat to take him across the Sound, he went up to the Tory's tavern for breakfast, and, it might be, to chat with her guests. Among these he saw a familiar face which soon disappeared, though he did not notice this at the time.

It was not long before a boat was seen approaching the shore, and the Tories appeared to be in great alarm lest it should be some

Connecticut farmers. Declaring they would not harm a poor teacher, Hale went down to the water's edge with the fond expectation of soon being among his friends. Judge then of his horror when six rifles were leveled at him and the commander thundered that he surrender or die! There was no choice for him. A prisoner, he was taken to the guard-ship Halifax and searched. The evidence was found.

The first officer of the ship, Captain Quarme, was a gentleman, and he treated his prisoner with respect. He knew his duty, and with regret sent Hale to General Howe, the commander-in-chief then in New York City. Evidently Howe was surprised that a man of Hale's appearance, culture and education should be found in this predicament.

General Howe questioned the young patriot closely, and even offered him an opportunity to escape death if he would espouse the British cause. Hale's rejection of this promise offended the proud British official, who declared he should die immediately.

We cannot blame General Howe for his condemnation of his prisoner. It was one of the iron-clad laws of the army that a man caught as a spy should be put to death. It was an insult and a piece of bad fortune that

he should have been turned over to the attention of such a brutal guard as Cunningham. This man—he does not deserve as good a name—was a drunken, heartless thief. He had poisoned the food of hundreds of his prisoners, so he might be benefited by the profit he could secure by selling the rations.

Cunningham questioned the prisoner in regard to his age and family, saying at its conclusion the warrant should be read to him. Hale was then placed in the greenhouse of the Bleekman mansion and kept under strong guard until morning. He asked for paper and a light so he might write a few parting words to his brothers and sisters, and to a certain young woman, Alice Adams Ripley, who was waiting and longing for the war to be over.

The brutal Cunningham refused him this request, refused him even a Bible. Fortunately one of Hale's guardsmen, a young, sympathetic officer, when his master had fallen into a drunken stupor, provided the prisoner with these utensils. So the lonely hours were passed in writing last messages to his loved ones. These missives read of patriotism and a willingness to give his life for so good a cause.

Alas! his simple request that these be for-

warded to the loved ones was met with oaths, as Cunningham read the beautiful tributes he had written. The wretch tore them into shreds and stamped them under his heel, declaring no such words of patriotism should be sent by him.

At daybreak, September 22, 1776, the doomed spy Nathan Hale slowly but firmly ascended the ladder leaning against the apple tree in Colonel Rutger's orchard. A grave had been dug underneath this tree and an open coffin placed to receive his body. Hale had been denied the comfort of a clergyman, but he mounted the steps steadily, and his countenance reflected the glory of an innocent and God-fearing life. The soldiers were awed by his sublime bravery, and the women who had followed the procession were weeping.

All of this angered the unfeeling Cunningham, who said sneeringly:

"Perhaps so brave and good a man can give us a bit of cheer by giving us his confession and telling how a man feels who is about to die."

The reply of the hero of that ill-fated morning has passed into history and it will live so long as freedom lives:

"*I only regret that I have but one life to*

lose for my country," he retorted in a clear, ringing tone, casting a look of scorn upon the cowardly captor who held his life in his hands.

"Die, Rebel, die!" thundered Cunningham, and while the bravest among the men turned away their heads, they knew the deed had been done.

So lived and died Nathan Hale, who made his memory immortal by his steadfast bravery and patriotism.

It was not until 1846 that money was raised by private subscriptions and by the State of Connecticut to rear a plain Quincy granite monument to his memory. This bears on four sides the martyr's name, date and place of birth, death and his last words. In the State Capitol building at Hartford is a beautiful statue of Hale, and in the same city is another in front of the Wadsworth Atheneum. New York City has also honored his memory by erecting a handsome memorial not far from where he fell as a sacrifice to the greatest cause the human family has ever fought for; and his name lives as an illustrious example of brave and heroic manhood.

JOHN PAUL JONES

We who love to read of heroes and have our hearts stirred by thrilling deeds find all that we can ask for in the life of that heroic Scotsman John Paul. His father was gardener to a Mr. Craik of Arbigland where he was born the youngest of five children on July 6, 1747.

William Paul, the eldest child, emigrated to Virginia where he became a prosperous planter. The other children were girls. John Paul junior was sent to school quite regularly until he was twelve years old. Then he was allowed to gratify his natural desire to become a seafarer. He was shipped to a sea master of Whitehaven for five years without pay. This was the custom in those days and the boy who mastered a trade must continue for five years. He had then learned his trade completely.

John Paul found his new calling very pleasant for him. He was brave, reliant, obedient to those in command and before he was of age he was an expert seaman and a good commander. He followed the sea for fourteen years. In 1773 when the spirit of patriotism was the uppermost thought in the minds of

the American people he was called to Virginia by the death of his brother William, and took possession of the estate willed to him. He soon became as good a patriot as Patrick Henry or any other rebel of his time.

About this time he assumed the name of Jones, in honor of two famous brothers of Virginia, William and Allen Jones who had adopted his brother William. Accordingly, when he offered his services to Congress he gave his name as John Paul Jones.

The first American Navy was formally created by Congress on December 22, 1775. One commander, four captains and thirteen lieutenants were authorized. The name of Jones entered as from Virginia headed the list of the lieutenants. He was ordered to duty on Commodore Hopkins' vessel the *Alfred*, a twenty-four gun ship. His hand ran up the first American ensign to the peak on the day Commodore Hopkins came aboard his ship. At that time the recognized flag of the navy bore a pine tree and rattlesnake, the inscription over the latter emblem reading, "DON'T TREAD ON ME!"

The actual career of the hero of the sea had now fairly opened. He was given command of a small vessel but his daring presence and

keen judgment stood him in better stead than guns. The boldness with which he faced great odds quickly won him attention and honor for bravery. His daring exploits pointed to him as a man few cared to meet.

Jones was given command of an expedition against Louisburg on Cape Breton Island. His two vessels made such a bold attack on the British port that he captured several valuable prizes. He then sailed into Boston December 15, 1776. From Boston he went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he was soon placed in command of the ship *Ranger* then lying at anchor in this port.

Jones was given this honor on June 14, 1777, and on that day Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national flag. Proud of his new honor and of the confidence placed in him, Captain Jones went at once to his ship and with his own hand raised the new ensign, the first time it ever floated over an American man-o'-war.[1] That year he went to France where the first salute ever given to an American war vessel was bestowed by the French fleet upon this daring navigator's ship.

[1] This is the historic version of the affair, but I think it must have been some time later. The patriotic girls of Portsmouth made this flag and presented it to Captain Jones. It was carried on both the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. I think a portion was saved.—THE AUTHOR.

The adventures of the *Ranger* under the skillful leadership of her new commander were almost miracles in the way of sea exploits. Pursuit by her was always something to be feared by the slow-moving English ships and often sailing within sight of the shore he secured prizes which had separated from their convoys.

At the harbor of Carrickfergus she discovered the British ship *Drake*, a vessel about her size but her superior in number of guns. Regardless of this, Jones planned to capture her. His attempt was defeated by a storm however and driven before the gale the cruiser ran for protection to the Scottish coast.

Jones' active brain then conceived the daring deed of destroying the entire shipping in Whitehaven Harbor, the port from which he went to sea as a boy. He was a privateer, that is, he was commanding a ship commissioned by his government to carry on private raids. For this the British of course hated him and rated him as a pirate. He was now trying to destroy her commerce and cripple her navy which, as a measure of war, had been done by many other countries.

On April 22, 1777, he anchored the *Ranger* outside the Whitehaven harbor and with two

boats and thirty-one volunteers he started on his hazardous venture. Every man in his command knew what the odds were against them but with such a bold leader none feared for the result. The town was boldly invaded by the Americans, the town guns were spiked, the ships were fired and the invaders re-embarked before the enemy could rally to meet them. The fires, however, were discovered and extinguished before any real harm had been done.

The British at this time had many Americans in prison with no apparent way to rescue them. Jones therefore resolved to sail down the Solway to the Earl of Selkirk's estate, seize that nobleman and hold him as a hostage until the English should be willing to offer some fair exchange. This port was reached April 23 but the earl had gone. Jones' crew seized instead five thousand dollars' worth of silver plate; but upon the advice of Benjamin Franklin it was later restored to its owner.

Captain Jones sailed back to Carrickfergus to see what had become of the British ship the *Drake*. She was ready to put to sea but was awaiting the return of the *Ranger*. A fierce fight ensued which ended with the surrender

of the *Drake* after her commander, first lieutenant and forty seamen were killed and wounded. Jones maneuvred his ship so skilfully that he lost only two killed and six wounded.

Putting into the harbor of Brest, France, he found himself the hero of the day. His boldness, skill, bravery and perseverance had never been excelled in naval warfare. His French friends were anxious that he be given command of a fleet. Benjamin Franklin was then American minister to France. Through his influence an old merchantman and two smaller ships were taken and refitted for the purpose. The first vessel which became Captain Jones' flagship was renamed from the *Duras* to the *Bon Homme Richard* after Franklin's almanac of Poor Richard.

Accompanied by his little squadron, he sailed from Groix, France, on August 15, 1778, for a cruise around Great Britain. He had a miscellaneous crew of three hundred and seventy-five men, while his ship mounted forty-two guns of different calibre. He afterward added six old eighteen-pounders and opened twelve portholes on the lower deck.

Cruising along the coast of Scotland between July and September he captured or

destroyed twenty-six vessels. The prizes were sent into a French port which considerably weakened his forces because of the men he had to send along as guards.

On September 23 he sighted off Flamborough Head the British fleet led by the *Serapis* with Captain Pearson in command. With him was the *Countess of Scarborough*, Captain Piercy commanding. The *Serapis* was a fifty-gun ship with two decks and a crew of three hundred and twenty; while her convoy had twenty-two guns and one hundred and twenty men.

"What ship is that?" thundered Captain Pearson. Though his own vessels were not within helping distance, the reply of Jones was a sweeping broadside. Then two of the old guns the American commander had secured burst and blew up the deck overhead, killing several men. During the lull which followed Captain Pearson demanded if the *Bon Homme Richard* was ready to surrender.

"No," replied Jones with Yankee calmness, "I haven't even begun to fight yet."

The battle which followed was the most courageous on record. The *Bon Homme Richard* was driven about helplessly as the water poured into her. The muzzles of the contest-

ing guns touched. Finally the crews fought hand-to-hand with boarding pikes, pistols and cutlasses while the marines in the top poured a murderous fire upon those below. For a long time, with a sinking ship, Jones fought the *Serapis* with only three guns.

At this moment George Roberts, a New Hampshire man, threw a grenade amidship of the *Serapis* and exploded her powder magazine. Then the British officer yielded.

"To think I must surrender to a rebel and a pirate," declared Captain Pearson as he tendered his sword. "But I must admire your fighting qualities."

"You have fought your ship nobly, sir," said the American commander politely, as he handed back the Englishman's sword, "Keep your sword, sir; I hope your king will give you a better ship next time."

Pearson's bravery won for him the honor of knighthood. Upon being told of this some time later Jones said: "The next time I meet him I will make a lord of him."

The *Countess of Scarborough* had been captured by the *Pallas* of Jones' squadron after an hour's conflict. The *Bon Homme Richard* was a complete wreck and was allowed to sink a day later. With the remainder of his

squadron and his prizes, Jones anchored in the Texel, Holland, on the thirtieth of October. The value of the prizes is said to have amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. England demanded the surrender of Jones as a pirate but Captain Jones was safe in Holland. Eventually he maneuvred his transports into the port of Groix, France.

He was the hero of the day in Paris. Louis XVI gave him a gold sword with an appropriate inscription and created the Scotch pirate as the English named him, a Knight of the Order of Military Merit. An English lady residing in Paris at that date described Jones as "a smart little man of thirty-six, who speaks but little French and appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero." Dr. Franklin wrote home that for some days nothing was talked of in Paris and Versailles but Jones' calm conduct and bravery during the action with the *Serapis*.

Finding no more vessels to be placed under his command in France, Jones finally returned to Philadelphia on a French ship, the *Ariel*, bearing military stores. Congress honored him highly and in recognition of his exploits placed under his command a new, seventy-four-gun ship. They also voted him a

gold medal and passed a resolution praising him for his zeal, prudence and bravery.

After the war John Paul Jones entered the Russian service with the rank of Rear Admiral. Enemies at the court and jealous intrigues finally compelled him to resign on a pension which was never paid. He died in Paris in 1792, in his forty-ninth year. He was buried there but in 1905 his body was brought back to this country and buried at Annapolis with appropriate ceremonies.

He was a hero boys love to read about. There is no better epitaph for this truly great naval captain than the words of J. Fenimore Cooper:

"In battle, Paul Jones was brave; in enterprise, hardy and original; in victory, mild and generous; in motives, much disposed to disinterestedness, though ambitious of renown and covetous of distinction; in his pecuniary relations, liberal; in his affections, natural and sincere; and in his temper, except in those cases which assailed his reputation, just and forgiving."

THE FLAG OF FORT GEORGE

During the long struggle for American independence a dark-walled, wooden building frowning with its serried battlements stood at the foot of what has since become New York's far-famed Broadway. This forbidding structure had been named Fort George by the British commander, in honor of his king. All through the war from a tall staff surmounting it flaunted the flag of old England. Its grimy folds still flapped defiantly in the breeze even after Cornwallis had yielded his sword to Washington, because the British still held possession of New York.

Sir Guy Carlton, commander of that division of the English forces, set November 25, 1783, as the day for the evacuation of New York. No sooner had the British prepared to embark on their homeward voyage than the streets were thronged with the overjoyed victors. The eyes of old men kindled with the fires of bygone years as they saw the enemy about to retreat. Boys cheered themselves hoarse in the overflowing of their new-found freedom.

As the last act of indignity he could inflict

upon the despised colonists, Sir Guy Carlton had caused the English flag to be nailed to the staff of Fort George. To make sure that it could not be removed by some daring patriot, he had given orders that every cleat should be torn from its place and that the pole should be greased from foot to top.

While he was gloating over his ignoble act and over the wrath of those whom he had thus insulted, the patriotic spectators were trying to devise some way to tear the enemy emblem down. A few blows of an axe would have sent the staff reeling to the earth. But they desired that the flag should be supplanted by one of their own which would wave proudly over the departing enemy.

There were brave hearts present; and there were cunning brains that had outwitted the crafty enemy many times. But no one was found to suggest a way to lower the banner so securely nailed aloft until a voice with boyish sharpness in it exclaimed:

"If they'd let me climb that pole, I'd pull the old thing down in a second."

The words were intended for a young companion but among those who overheard them was an American officer who turned sharply upon the youthful speaker. He saw a clean,

bright-looking boy of about fourteen, with a well-knit frame and strong limbs.

"Do you believe you can climb that flagstaff and tear away that flag, young man?" asked the officer.

"I do, sir," replied the undaunted boy. "At least, I am willing to try."

"If you should be able to do it, it would be the proudest act of your life. Will you go with Sergeant Robinson here and tell General Knox what you have just said?"

The sergeant mentioned quickly stepped forward at the command of his superior. The young patriot accompanied him to the headquarters of General Knox. In his perplexity over the situation he failed to look up until the sergeant saluting said:

"If you please, General, here is a boy who thinks he can climb that pole and pull down the English flag."

In a moment the general's kindly face lightened and as he surveyed the youthful figure before him he asked:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Johnny Van Arsdale, sir."

"An agile-looking boy, by my faith! So you think you can climb that staff, Johnny?"

"I would like to try, sir. I can but fail."

"You have the right stuff in you and I believe you are capable of doing it. Let him have a trial, Sergeant."

Then without further delay the proud Johnny was marched away to the scene at the parade ground of Fort George. He was asked if there was anything he wanted to assist him in carrying out his design.

"Some sand if you please, sir; also the cleats and a hammer and some nails."

These being quickly forthcoming, Johnny Van Arsdale of Greenwich, Connecticut, began his difficult and perilous feat. The anxious, admiring crowd cheered him on at every foot of advance he made. Sprinkling the sand over the slippery staff and nailing the cleats one after another to their old places, he slowly ascended foot by foot. Higher and higher he climbed, each step announced by the shouts of the spectators.

Johnny was careful not to look down upon the sea of upturned faces lest he should become dizzy and lose his precarious hold. He finally presented but a black speck to those below. Then one and all held their breath as they saw that he had at last reached the flag.

"See, he is making it shake!" cried one; "but he is not strong enough to tear it off."

Again silence fell upon the scene and eyes grew dim with watching. The heroic boy was tearing the enemy emblem from its fastenings and wrapping it around his body. Then the silence was broken by a loud cheer as they saw him beginning to descend. Louder and louder grew the cheering until as Johnny touched the ground he found himself surrounded by the excited, overjoyed people.

"Tell the general I have kept my word," said the boy patriot as he handed over the English flag to an officer.

The excited men were not content to leave him alone in his glory. They lifted him upon their shoulders and thus he was borne into the presence of General Knox who publicly thanked him for his gallant act. The Stars and Stripes were immediately unfurled above Fort George to let the departing enemy know that their attempt at revenge had been in vain.

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

THE SISTERS' CALL TO ARMS

It sometimes happens that ready wit and prompt action accomplish as much as an armed force can win. Especially is this true where an armed force is absent. There is no more striking example of this bravery than was illustrated in the conduct of Rebecca and Abigail Bates of Scituate lighthouse, during the War of 1812.

All along the Atlantic coast the British warships had threatened the peace of the towns within sight and sound of the ocean. Among them was the little town of Scituate, located some distance south of Boston but still on the open sea. Its sea line reaches for eight miles and where Cedar Point runs out into the Atlantic there is a very good harbor. Here a lighthouse has stood for many years.

In the spring of 1814 when the prospect for success of the American arms was at an ebb, a British warship which proudly flaunted the high-sounding name of *Bulwark* appeared in the little harbor of Scituate. Within twenty-five miles of Boston and expecting an immediate attack from the enemy the inhabitants

of the town became greatly alarmed. Twenty-four hours later word came from the warship for the people to supply the officers and crew with fresh beef and vegetables.

"What shall we do?" cried Goodman Tilden of the circle of townspeople gathered at his store.

"Do?" demanded Master Gilson. "I would do nothing. Let them come after what they want, and get it if they can!"

So the good folk watched and waited.

Just how the British managed without the beef and vegetables is not known. But on the morning of June 11 two barges entered the harbor. After a few audacious movements the crew set fire to the fishing and coasting craft resting in the harbor. The citizens looked on with dismay unable to offer any opposition.

"We are helpless now," moaned old Joe Foster, trembling with wrath.

"They will come ashore," declared Henry Rowley. "But they won't find us such easy playthings as they may think. I got down my old musket yesterday and gave it a good overhauling. The old critter is good for one more shot and should she get warmed up maybe she'll take care of a dozen."

So while the patriotic citizens talked and prepared for a fight, others prepared a petition setting forth the cowardly act of the foe and calling upon the Government for protection. This appeal was not made in vain. A regiment was sent to protect the town while Colonel John Barstow, the commander, posted a guard. Their vigilance was rewarded by quiet on the part of the British who lacked either courage or numbers to make an attack. The enemy sent spies among the shoremen but they discouraged open assault as they felt the opportunity had not come to strike.

The summer wore on while the rivals eyed each other closely but dared not make a move. By and by the lives of these soldiers became monotonous. Discipline became less strict and the men sought relaxation as the British had shown no intention of beginning warfare. This carelessness increased until the day came when the guards supposed to maintain a watch over the lighthouse were absent. In fact not a soldier was to be seen anywhere within sight or sound of the harbor.

This seemed the occasion which the British had been patiently waiting for. A spy quickly imparted the news to his commander on the *Bulwark*. To add to the dismay of the towns-

people at this critical moment a new warship, the British frigate *La Hogue*, appeared upon the calm waters in plain sight.

"They mean to send a force ashore!" cried an alarmed citizen. "Where are our troops now?"

"They have lowered boats and are filling them with men. The Red Coats will be among us before the soldiers can be rallied."

While these old men discussed the approach of the foe and watched them filling the boats, another scene of quite as much importance was being enacted within the lighthouse.

The two sisters Rebecca and Abigail Bates with their mother were scanning eagerly the expanse of water lying between them and the ship.

"They will surely get here and we shall all be taken captives," declared Abigail, "before the soldiers can be found. What shall we do to save the town?"

Nothing seemed practical until Rebecca's gaze rested upon a fife and drum left by the absent soldiers.

"Look!" she cried. "We can play these, Abigail, and make the British think we are calling our men to arms. You know we can play very well. You take the drum and I will

take the fife. While I am playing "Yankee Doodle" you can beat the roll call. We must keep out of sight."

Accordingly while their mother and the handful of very old men watched the disembarking Britishers the brave girls prepared for their part in this perilous situation.

Two barges had been let down from the warship which were soon filled with the British soldiers. Then over the still water came the thunderous tone of their commander shouting:

"Hasten, boys! Strike while you may for Old England and King George."

The distracted mother on shore watching their movements exclaimed:

"You will be too late, girls!"

But Rebecca was already sounding her first note on the fife and Abigail was fastening the drum about her shoulders. Soon finding a position where they would not be seen by the enemy the young fifer began to play "Yankee Doodle" very earnestly. There was a warlike shrillness in her music which rang out over the harbor to the approaching soldiers. Then the deep, thrilling beat of the drum calling the soldiers to arms rolled out on the afternoon air with a resonant tone.

"They are half way to shore!" declared their mother who was watching the enemy with a sinking heart. "They are coming nearer and nearer. Oh, if the soldiers were only here!"

Still the brave sisters played as they had never played before. The English seamen heard the stirring notes and hesitated. The call to arms was unmistakable. The two barges packed with British soldiers stopped suddenly in their advance when two-thirds of the distance had been covered. It was a critical moment but the young musicians did not falter.

Evidently they were not the only ones surprised by the roll call. The British commander who was watching and listening intently quickly became suspicious.

"Are my men running into a trap? I dare not risk it," he added.

The sharp report of a gun rang over the sea and the two barges quickly returned to the ship. Within half an hour the frigate slowly sailed away. Her commander had come to the decision that the Yankees greatly outnumbered them and it would be folly to wage a battle with them.

Thus the town of Scituate was saved by the

heroism of the two girls who had actually frightened away the British warship. The American soldiers did not further shirk their duty as guards; while it was scarcely three months later that the war came to an end with victory for the Americans.

THE POST RIDER'S WINTER RACE

Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century when schools were established in this country was letter writing mastered by the colonists. Immediately post carriers became popular and increased in numbers. A post-office was established in Boston and the men employed to deliver letters to people in distant towns were known as post riders.

A more picturesque sight could not be well imagined than one of these gallant riders following his route across the country. With the graceful poise of a cavalryman he sat his fleet horse, its nostrils and flanks white with the morning frost; his fur cap pulled down over his ears half concealing his clear-cut, good-natured countenance and the ends of his crimson scarf streaming in the air like the pennons of a ship.

Add to this the blare of his bugle horn, the clouds of snow-dust that enveloped himself and his horse, and the expectant looks upon the faces of the watchers peering out of the windows as he sped by. He would fling a letter to one, a paper to another, calling back cheerily as he disappeared like a spectre of the road:

"A piping morning! Snow tomorrow!"

These sturdy riders grew in popularity with the public. They were especially valuable to enterprising publishers of newspapers and their reputations were won by the swiftness with which these publications were distributed. In the midst of the Mexican War when an invasion of Texas was threatened, a post rider between Boston and New York accomplished a brilliant ride.

A steamer from Liverpool was expected at Boston bearing important documents relative to the war and upon which President Polk was expected to base his future plans. Anticipating these facts, the New York papers arranged two lines of express riders to get the news to them as quickly as possible. These message bearers were to go by railroad train from Boston to Worcester, thence by horse to New York. One of the two selected for this important journey was a youth living at Worcester who had already won for himself a fine reputation for promptness and efficiency of service. He showed that he was equal to his new duty as he was determined to win. Accordingly, he arranged a relay of horses at every ten miles beyond Worcester.

The steamer from Liverpool arrived in

Boston on the morning of January 23, 1846, in the very teeth of a bitter northeast storm. The rival post riders however paid no heed to this discouraging feature as they boarded the train with their precious documents. Upon reaching Worcester it was still storming fiercely and the report had come in that the roads were blocked with snow.

Nothing daunted, the gallant post riders left the cars and mounting their waiting horses, rode bravely away on what was to prove the most dangerous and memorable ride of their adventurous lives. Leaving the other to fight his way as best he could, Ginery Twitchell started forward on his route. Despite the drifted and drifting snows with the wind swirling around him and often fairly blinded by the raging storm, he swept on mile after mile.

At the end of ten miles he found a fresh horse awaiting him and swinging himself from one saddle into the other almost without stopping, Ginery pursued his hazardous course. He had already proved wise in arranging for the relay of horses and not once did his men fail to have the fresh horse ready for him to resume his flying trip.

For miles at a time he traveled an unbroken

road with drifts up to his horse's knees. Some of the drifts were so deep that they threatened to obstruct his advance entirely. However, Ginery plunged ahead through the night and the storm until he finally reached Hartford. Here he found he had come the sixty-four miles from Worcester in three hours and twenty minutes.

As yet he had not heard a word concerning his rival but he was confident of winning the race. Taking a biscuit and a piece of cold meat to eat as he rode, Ginery again mounted a fresh horse and resumed his long arduous journey. As he progressed the storm cleared away with a high wind and intense cold which made him shiver. He was riding briskly along when he came to a long wooden bridge spanning a swollen stream. The feet of his flying horse hardly seemed to touch the planking as he crossed. Once Ginery felt the whole structure tremble and sway beneath him and to his dismay realized that the bridge was falling under him. Then just as the horse's hoofs struck the snowy path on the other end of the bridge, the whole bridge fell into the swirling waters with a great crash.

Glancing back at the wreck with a shudder, the young post rider realized his narrow es-

cape. He did not pause long but was reminded of the catastrophe in a way which set him to wondering over the matter when next he changed horses. One of the men there eyed him curiously and finally asked:

"Have you come down the main road?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ginery as he swung himself into the saddle of his new horse.

"How could that be?" demanded the stranger. "Boardman's bridge went down an hour ago!"

Though Ginery did not stop to continue the conversation or ask for an explanation he recalled the strange speech many times later and wondered just what the speaker had meant. Why should he think that the bridge had fallen an hour before it really had done so?

As if misfortune still hung over him, his horse suddenly became very lame. In fact the condition of the animal was such that he could not continue without considerable loss of time. In this dilemma he called at the first farm house he came to and demanded that the owner let him have his fleetest horse to ride on to the succeeding station. The farmer was only too glad to accommodate Ginery.

The new horse proved to be as good as any

ONCE GINERY FELT THE WHOLE STRUCTURE TREMBLE
AND SWAY BENEATH HIM

he had previously ridden so that he more than made up for the time lost. No further incident occurring to interrupt his flight or lessen his speed, he reached New York and delivered his dispatches four hours before his competitor arrived.

The spirit and indomitable will displayed by Twitchell on this ride stood him in good stead through his life. Later he became president of the Boston and Worcester Railroad and a member of Congress. He remembered nothing more vividly in all his life than his wintry horseback ride from Worcester to New York.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

The Hero of Lake Erie

Oliver Hazard Perry who was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on August 23, 1785, came of old fighting stock such as is found in the list of Revolutionary heroes. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of that grand old Scottish warrior and patriot, William Wallace. The Perrys were a Quaker family but this circumstance did not bar them from military glory. His grandmother was also a Quaker, the daughter of Oliver Hazard, a distinguished man.

Christopher R. Perry, Oliver's father, fought bravely through the Revolution on land and sea. He was captured by the British and held a prisoner on the prison ship *Jersey*. Near the close of the war he was a prisoner in Ireland where he met his future wife, Sarah Alexander Wallace, who helped him to escape.

Oliver was named for both an uncle and a great-grandfather and was the oldest of eight children. Five of them were boys who all joined the navy. He was only thirteen when in 1798 his father was called into the naval

service by President John Adams. Oliver asked to join his father and was made a midshipman, the two of them serving on the same ship, the *General Greene*. When the Tripolitan War was over, the naval force was reduced. As a result the father was dropped from the service while young Oliver was retained.

It was neither easy nor safe, however, for the United States to keep down the size of her navy. The Barbary Powers were then insulting as well as dangerous. The United States stood these outrages longer than she should have but she acted sooner than the European nations had dared to act.

Oliver became midshipman on the frigate *Adams* which left Newport, Rhode Island, in the summer of 1802. He joined Commodore Morris stationed at Gibraltar to blockade a Tripolitan ship driven in to that harbor. Midshipman Perry showed such tact and strategy that he was promoted to the duties of a lieutenant.

After leaving Gibraltar the frigate was employed as a convoy to northern ports. This gave Oliver an opportunity to see and make himself familiar with the marts of the old world. A man of education and keen insight

into affairs, Lieutenant Perry acquired a knowledge which was of great value to him in his future career.

In 1807 he was ordered to oversee the building of a fleet of gunboats in the harbor of Newport which he later convoyed to New York. In 1809 he was given command of the schooner *Revenge* fitted with fourteen guns and attached to the squadron of Commodore Rodgers.

These were dark days upon the Atlantic. The French were now inactive but the British ships were becoming bold and overbearing in their attitude. The duty of the *Revenge* was to protect coastwise vessels from the attacks of the British. At one time the commander of one of the British ships hailed Lieutenant Perry and demanded that he "come on board and explain the character of his vessel." His answer came through one of his crew who said:

"Why, our decks were immediately cleared for action and if that Englishman had run alongside, our order was to board her."

"But what could you have done with your inferior number of seamen and equipment?"

"Done, sir?" as if the question was ridic-

ulous, "with our ninety good men led by Captain Perry we would have whipped them." It was always Perry's plan to win.

Following this affair he was ordered to cruise along the coast off Connecticut and Rhode Island looking out for the enemy. While thus engaged early in 1811 through his pilot's mistake his ship struck a reef at Watch Hill. He showed uncommon bravery and skill in saving his crew by landing them in the midst of a furious January gale. He did not leave his ship until every man was saved. When brought to trial for neglect of duty he was not only acquitted but his conduct was highly praised.

In the interval when he was without a command, he married the daughter of an influential family of Newport named Elizabeth Champlin Mason. The wedding took place on May 5, 1811, and proved to be a happy one. He had endured a year of inactivity when a second war with Great Britain became apparent and Perry hastened to offer his services to his country. He was promised the first vacancy suited to his rank and while waiting for it he was given the command of a flotilla of gunboats stationed at Newport.

He was told, however, that Commodore

Chauncey in command upon the Great Lakes was planning to make an attack on the British post at Fort George which was situated at the mouth of the Niagara River. Here he saw a new field of activity in which he longed to have a share, and was subsequently ordered for service under Commodore Chauncey. In his own words he described his journey and the spirit that went with all he did:

"On the evening of May 23, I received information about sunset that Commodore Chauncey would in a day or two arrive at Niagara when an attack would be made on Fort George. I left Erie about dark in a small four-oared open boat. The night was squally and very dark. I arrived at Buffalo on the evening of the 24th and remained there until daybreak; I then passed the whole of the British lines in my boat, within musket shot.

"Passing Strawberry Island several people on our side of the river hailed and beckoned me to shore. On landing they pointed out on the end of Grand Island about forty men who had been placed there to intercept boats. In a few moments I should have been in their hands. I therefore proceeded with more caution.

"It rained furiously as we arrived at

Schlosser. No horse could be found, so I pushed ahead on foot. I had walked two and a half miles when the rain fell in such torrents I was obliged to seek shelter in a house near at hand. The sailors who I had left with the boat, hearing of public horses on the commons, determined to catch one for me. They found one which couldn't run away and captured him. A rope from the boat was rigged into a bridle and a saddle was found without either stirrup, girth or crupper. Thus accoutred they pursued me and found me at the house where I had stopped. The rain ceasing, I mounted, my legs hanging down the sides of the horse; and I was obliged to steady the saddle by holding on to the mane of the horse. In this style I entered camp, it raining again most violently. Colonel Porter being the first to discover me, insisted upon my taking his horse, as I had some distance to ride to the other end of the camp, off which the *Madison* lay."

Perry now received charge of the landing of the troops and the formation of the fleet was also given to him. In this work he showed the benefit of his training at Newport. The ignorance and inexperience of many of his officers caused confusion and de-

layed the work. Perry's vigilance and quick decision soon settled the plans.

The little fleet had to be constructed in the wilderness, on the shores of the lake, while the men to do this had to be mainly transported from the seaboard at considerable cost and delay.

Through it all he showed remarkable energy and arduous work, until the little squadron was completed. He was everywhere present, however great the danger, and when the British made their first unexpected attack they were defeated by the heroic efforts of Perry.

This victory opened the port of Black Rocks, where several American vessels were collected. These he undertook to get into Lake Erie, battling the furious current of the river, a feat which had been declared impossible. It was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The mouth of the river was guarded only by a small British squadron, who, in their over-confidence, decided that the Americans could not pass while they were absent. So Captain Barclay, the British commander, went over to the Canadian side, with his men, to attend a dinner.

This was Perry's opportunity. No sooner

had the British disappeared than he began to get his vessels over the bar before the return of his enemy. So well did the crew work that when Captain Barclay came back from his feast, he was amazed to find the Americans had slipped past him.

Once upon the lake, Perry felt that he was master of the situation. He put in at the harbor of Erie and laid his plans for earnest work. His force was composed of his flagship *Lawrence*, named for the brave commander, and the ship *Niagara*, both carrying twenty guns each.

Besides these, he had seven smaller vessels, all mounting fifty-four guns. He was under the difficulty of having many of his men sick or recovering from illness. He himself was far from well. His crew, too, were untrained men he had picked up where he could find them. Subsequent events proved however that they were men of courage and firmness.

Captain Barclay, the British commander, had the *Detroit*, of nineteen guns, the *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Provost*, and three other vessels, numbering in all sixty-three guns. To add to this advantage in numbers, the British guns were capable of firing their shots to a greater distance. The number of their trained

men exceeded that of the Americans. All of this was taken into account by the gallant Perry, but he undertook the fight with the grim determination to win.

It was a fine autumn day when the American fleet realized that the British had caught them unawares among the islands off Malden at Put-in Bay. Because of an adverse wind which did not allow them to clear the islands, Perry feared he was in a trap. He would then be put on the defensive, which was very much against his wishes.

Before ten o'clock, however, the wind had veered to the southeast, which enabled him to bear down upon his enemy. This he immediately did in his flagship, the *Lawrence*, on which he raised a blue pennant, the signal for action. He inscribed this in large white letters bearing the last command of the dying Lawrence:

"*Don't give up the ship!*"

Then he made his last appeal to his men:

"My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it? Remember what it means."

"Aye, aye, sir; we know," was the cheery response.

The breeze was light and variable, so for

an hour and a half the sturdy *Lawrence* advanced upon her foe, closely followed by the other vessels of the little inland fleet. The British ships patiently waited for the coming of their opponent. The *Detroit* fired the first shot at a quarter to twelve. The *Lawrence* accepted this challenge, and by twelve o'clock the fight was on in earnest.

For a half hour and more flagship fought flagship with a fiery will. Perry had drawn slightly ahead of the rest of his fleet, so the fire from the *Detroit* was centered upon him. The British then showed their skill, and the Americans their courage. The British batteries sent their cannonade over the deck of their antagonist with deadly effect. The slaughter on the deck of the *Lawrence* was frightful. Perry fought like a lion at bay. With the help of the purser and the chaplain, he fired the last gun available. Their guns silenced, and the vessel riddled, it looked as though the battle was over for them.

At this time the *Niagara* approached, the wind having sprung up. Perry then resolved to abandon the crippled *Lawrence* and seek the *Niagara*. He ordered a boat lowered, and, accompanied by his young brother, thirteen years old, he took the broad pennant with

him, saying to First Lieutenant Yarnall, now in command of the shattered flagship:

"Look well to the old *Lawrence*, Lieutenant. If a victory is to be gained, I will gain it."

Manned by four lusty sailors, his boat made the memorable voyage through gunshot and the smoke of battle, and twenty minutes later he stepped on board the stout *Niagara*. He could still see the Stars and Stripes floating above the deck of the *Lawrence*.

"Now for the price of your dishonor," he said. "Elliott, bring up the other gunboats. We will show them how Americans fight."

The new flag-ship, uninjured and undaunted, led the attack on the battered English line. Passing a half pistol shot distance between the *Lady Prevost* and the *Chippewa* of the British fleet on his larboard, and the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte* and the *Hunter* on his starboard, he poured in tremendous broadsides right and left from double-shotted guns.

Ranging ahead of the vessels on his starboard, he rounded to and raked the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, which had fallen foul of each other.

At three o'clock, eight minutes after Perry had broken through the line, the colors of the *Detroit* struck. Her companion ships soon

followed her example, and the lake was cleared of the enemy.

Upon seeing the distress of his enemy and a surrender in prospect, Perry pulled an old letter out of one of his pockets, and wrote across its back the memorable words to General Harrison:

U. S. S. Niagara, Sept. 10, 4 P. M.

Dear Gen'l: We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours with great respect and esteem,

O. H. Perry.

His next move was to return to the flagship *Lawrence* to receive the surrender of the British on his own ship. The meeting between his few remaining men and himself, as he stepped upon the deck of his own vessel, is described by the surgeon of the *Lawrence:*

"It was a time of conflicting emotions. The battle was won and he was safe, but the deck of the *Lawrence* was slippery with the blood and strewn with the bodies of twenty officers and men, seven of whom had sat at the table with us at our last meal. Those of us who were spared and able to walk met him at the gangway to welcome him on board, but the

salutation was a silent one on both sides."

Calmly Perry awaited the appearance of the British officers, slowly picking their way among the dead and the carnage on the deck, accepting their swords in a low tone, asking after the condition of Barclay and the other wounded officers.

The Americans had lost twenty-seven killed and ninety-six wounded. The victory was a remarkable one. Never before, since Great Britain had created a navy, had an entire British fleet been captured. The humble attitude of the British officer showed that he felt and knew what his defeat meant. The lake was thus cleared forever of an English warship. Washington Irving best describes this victory in an article written for the Analectic Magazine, in which he said:

"In future years when the shores of Lake Erie shall hum with a busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history, then will the inhabitants look back to this battle

that we record as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends and in the marvelous tales of the borders."

With nothing more to do on Lake Erie, Perry joined with General Harrison in driving the enemy from Michigan and acted as his aide at the battle of the Thames.

General Harrison declared that "the appearance of the brave commodore cheered and animated every heart." His enemy proved that they, too, appreciated his courteous conduct. Captain Barclay wrote, "The treatment I received from Captain Perry had been noble indeed."

No Roman was ever given greater ovation than was Perry on his journey to New York. He was accompanied by his young brother, who had been through the sanguinary fight, and in every village they passed through, schools were closed, while the streets were thronged by the multitudes who wanted to see the hero of the hour. Until then he had not realized the importance the people had given to his victory. Everywhere his name and victory were lauded, until on the 18th of November he reached Newport, his home. Here "the town bells were rung, the shipping was

dressed with national and emblematic flags, and salutes were fired. He was received by his townsmen in mass, and escorted to his home."

Soon tiring of inactivity he accepted the command of the *Java*, a frigate recently built in Baltimore. This was in 1814, and the enemy had so blockaded the port he was unable to get to sea before the ending of the war.

No sooner was peace declared than he sailed on the *Java* to join Commodore Shaw's squadron in the Mediterranean. In 1819 he sailed as Commodore Perry in command of the *John Adams*, bound for the State of Venezuela, to look after the welfare of the American commerce. Upon reaching the mouth of the Orinoco River, he found it was necessary for him to go to the capital, Angostura. Without delay, though it was in the height of the yellow fever period, he shifted his flag to the small schooner, *Nonesuch*, and proceeded up the river.

At Angostura he remained twenty days. His business completed, he started on his return, but the fever had already marked him as its victim. Suffering the downward progress of the terrible disease for nearly a week in the tropical sun, he died within a mile of

the anchorage at Trinidad, in his thirty-fourth year.

Such was the fate of the hero of Lake Erie. His remains were interred with military honor at Port Spain. Deep regret was felt at home over his untimely death, and Congress ordered that his body be brought home and placed in the tomb at Newport. Provision was also made for the support of his family.

No American has been more highly honored or his memory more sincerely mourned. Among the many memorials erected to him, the greatest ever erected to an American naval officer is that which stands on South Bass Island, overlooking Put-in-Bay. But greater than all of these is the honest pride of his countrymen, who love to think of him as he stood on the deck of the *Niagara* writing his immortal message:

"*We have met the enemy and they are ours.*"

OLD IRONSIDES

The First Voyage

The sailor who has followed the sea for many years loves to speak of his good ship as if he were speaking of a living woman. No doubt he created her a woman because his mother was a woman. He speaks of her with pride; he speaks of her with love and with veneration.

Being a woman, that ship must have a heart, a heart that has lived through trials and sorrows as well as joy and triumph. This story will tell the heart story of such a ship, told as if she were really a living woman.

The American Revolution had been fought and won. The United States was a young, free country, enjoying her independence. However, she was ever on the alert against aggression from other nations, especially on the seas. It was because of this, therefore, that the frigate *Constitution*, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," was constructed in a Boston shipyard.

Launched from Hartt's shipyard in 1797, the first flag she flew was made by Betsy Ross. The bolts which held her timbers were

cast in the Paul Revere foundry. Therefore she must have been made right as her adventurous career proved. Captain Samuel Nicholson was her first commander. He was very proud of his new command and took her on her maiden voyage to the West Indies.

The British had sent Captain Moawatt to bombard and destroy Falmouth, Maine, which they did with sorrowful result. A thousand men, women and children suddenly found their homes burned and themselves cast out just as a long Maine winter was starting in. Among the fugitives taking refuge in huts of bark and brush was a lad fourteen years of age named Edward Preble who was destined to succeed Captain Nicholson as second commander of the *Constitution*.

Edward Preble had a remarkable career, acting the part of a hero over and over again until the Revolutionary War closed. In June, 1803, he was appointed commodore of the Mediterranean Squadron. For two years under Commodore Dale the Americans had been negotiating with the Moorish pirates without satisfactory settlement. Upon assuming command, Preble made the *Constitution* his flagship and proceeded to the scene of action. On October 19 he went ashore. By

his determined attitude he brought the Moors to his terms and renewed the Treaty of 1786. This was the first time the Moors had ever been humbled. But their surrender was complete.

Preble now turned his attention to treating with some of their neighbors, the fighting Tripolitans at Tripoli. The rebels here offered more serious and furious opposition. In the early skirmishes of the battle one of Preble's squadron, the warship *Philadelphia*, was captured by the enemy. Her captain and crew were imprisoned in the Pasha's castle.

Anxious to recover Captain Bainbridge of the *Philadelphia*, and having been signaled by him of the futility of trying to rescue her, Preble selected Lieutenants Stephen Decatur and Charles Stewart to make the *Philadelphia* useless to the foe.

Commodore Preble could not have made a happier choice. Decatur had just captured a Tripolitan ketch called the *Mastico* and reached Syracuse, where the American fleet lay. A crew of sixty-two picked men and thirteen officers were put on board this vessel which sailed for Tripoli February 9, 1804.

After some masterful maneuvering, Decatur succeeded in boarding the *Philadelphia* and

setting her on fire. This so aroused the Tripolitans that the Pasha ordered that Captain Bainbridge and his crew be placed under close confinement.

Commodore Preble could now see that it would not do for him to delay longer in his attack. So he began more earnest warfare at once. He arranged a flotilla of gunboats which were sent forward under the command of Stephen Decatur and Richard Somers. These gallant men did good work and succeeded in capturing three Moorish gunboats and sinking three others.

Meanwhile, Commodore Preble entered the harbor with his flag ship, the *Constitution*, and the smaller vessels of the squadron. He sailed close under the batteries of the enemy which were silenced several times, and bombarded the city. The Pasha had twenty-five thousand soldiers at his command, and he remounted his batteries as often as they were silenced.

The glory of this campaign was the admirable manner in which the *Constitution* was handled. Says one of her historians, "She boldly entered the harbor, tacking and making sail as neatly as if in a friendly port

and firing with the precision of ordinary gun practice. The daring and skill of the Americans in a hand-to-hand fight were so marked that the Tripolitans afterwards avoided any similar personal encounters with them."

To annoy the enemy as much as possible, Commodore Preble planned the perilous project of sending a fireship among the shipping of the Tripolitans. The command of this daring maneuver was given to Richard Somers, and the ketch, now known as the *Intrepid*, was the craft chosen to carry out the deadly idea. Somers was accompanied by two midshipmen and ten volunteers.

The night was favorable. Somers glided in among the gunboats that lay in the mouth of the harbor. Then a signal gun was fired from the shore, followed by the roar of every gun in the batteries. A lurid outburst of flames succeeded, and there was an explosion which was felt outside the bar. Cries of fear and distress from the batteries mingled with the hub-bub in the waters. Then complete silence followed.

In the morning the Americans looked in vain for Somers or his followers. The *Intrepid* had vanished, while the enemy's gunboats

were missing. All that was ever found of the American crew were a few battered forms of white men.

The Pasha had been humbled. Some of his followers had rebelled. He offered to accept Commodore Preble's terms of peace. He agreed to deliver over the American prisoners and pay sixty thousand dollars in ransom. He promised never again to molest American commerce. So the reign of terror which had existed for centuries in the Mediterranean was ended.

Commodore Preble was honored by Congress for his brave and skillful action. They voted him a gold medal. Each of his officers was given a gold sword and his crew a month's extra pay. But his health was shattered, and he died at Portland, Maine, August 25, 1807.

The Second Voyage

The second war with Great Britain had been declared. It was known as the War of 1812. This struggle helped greatly in giving the United States her renown on the sea. Among those ships which helped to vanquish England's proud claim that she ruled the seas not one did more than "Old Ironsides."

This time she was commanded by a New England sailor named Isaac Hull who came from Connecticut. At the time of receiving his command he was in Washington where his ship was also. On July 17 when he had put to sea he ran across four British warships making up a squadron.

Recognizing the *Constitution*, the British vessels determined to capture her, but Hull was too good a seaman and his vessel too swift. The chase lasted for almost three days and two nights before the American vessel eluded her foes. She soon after put into port at Boston.

Here Captain Hull added to his crew and sailed out of Boston on the second day of August. He set his course due east standing off the coast of Nova Scotia and crossing the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So far no sign of an enemy sail had been seen. At Cape Race he headed south without seeing so much as a speck on the summer sea.

On the afternoon of August 19, a cry from the lookout brought every man on deck. The commander, glass in hand, stood expectantly near the taffrail.

"A sail? What do you make her out to be?" he thundered.

"A frigate flying the British flag, sir. She is sailing with the wind on our starboard tack."

"A British warship? More sail, boys. We must get near enough to see what she is doing here."

The *Constitution* was a speedy vessel and was soon overhauling the strange ship. The wind freshened so that by five o'clock the *Constitution* had arrived within five miles of the stranger.

Captain Hull was certain that she was an English warship which had evidently not noticed the Americans. He accordingly ordered all the lighter sails of his ship to be furled and gave out the command to prepare for a contest. The enthusiasm of his crew was proven by the hearty shout which they raised.

The British ship discovered her pursuer about this time whereupon she ran up a British ensign at each masthead and backed her mainsail, thus challenging her foe to come up if she dared. Pretty soon she wore round, then sent a broadside at long gun range. This was followed by a port broadside, the two fires following each other rapidly.

It was now the *Constitution's* turn. She hoisted an ensign and a jack at each mast-

head and prepared to open fire with her bow guns. Hull was too wily to begin earnest fighting at such long distance. So a moderate firing was kept up for nearly an hour. Both commanders showed great tact in handling their vessels and appeared very evenly matched.

Hull had discovered that the English frigate was the *Guerrière* and that she was commanded by the brave Captain Dacres who was indeed a worthy foe. Hull therefore decided not to open deadly fire until at such close quarters that every shot would count. Frederic Standhope Hill in his "Romance of the American Navy" has given a fine description of the ensuing battle:

"At last tiring of these slow tactics, Hull wore round, set his light sails and headed directly for his adversary who now bore up so that the two ships were sailing in the same direction, the *Constitution* to the windward.

"At 6:05 the bows of the American frigate began to double on the quarter of the English ship. As the *Constitution* drew slowly ahead she opened with her forward guns. The crew of the stern guns had remained quietly at their posts while their ship was running up alongside of the *Guerrière*.

"Several were killed beside their guns and

Lieutenant Morriss became very impatient to begin firing, but Hull restrained him until at last the order came. Then the guns poured forth their volleys and in ten minutes the enemy's mizzenmast was carried away. One of the American crew called out to his mate as it went overboard:

"'Hurrah, Jack; we have made a brig of her!'

"The *Constitution* passed ahead about two hundred yards still keeping up a tremendous fire, and luffed short round the *Guerrière's* bow to prevent being raked. In doing this the *Constitution* shot into the wind, got sternway and fell foul of her antagonist. As the vessels touched both parties prepared to board, but the musketry fire from both combatants prevented this. The *Constitution* then filled her sails and shot ahead.

"At that moment the foremast of the *Guerrière* fell, carrying with it the mainmast and leaving the vessel a helpless wreck, wallowing in the trough of the sea.

"The *Constitution* now hauled a short distance ahead, secured her masts, rove new rigging and at seven o'clock stood down and took a favorable position for raking. Then the jack that had been kept flying on the

stump of the mizzenmast of the *Guerrière* was lowered and Captain Dacres surrendered."

A hopeless sight was presented as the victors gazed upon the *Guerrière*. Her sails and masts were mingled in utter confusion and hanging over the sides of the vessel. Held in the mass of ropes and rigging where they had fallen in the midst of the fight were the bodies of many of the dead and dying seamen. Scattered over the deck were many more. The battered hull could not keep afloat long unless something could be done to save her.

Lieutenant George Reid was placed in command by Captain Hull. But before morning he hailed the *Constitution* with the statement that the *Guerrière* would sink within a few hours. She already had four feet of water in her hold. Captain Hull at once sent boats to take off the prisoners and as soon as the vessel was cleared she was set on fire. The fire soon reached the powder magazine and she was blown up, the fragments filling the air. Five minutes later nothing was to be seen in the pale moonlight of the lost frigate.

Her victory won, the *Constitution* sailed for Boston with her prisoners. As she entered Boston harbor, draped in flowing bunting, she was greeted with a rousing reception. Well

might she be hailed with honor and loud rejoicing. She had won the first great naval victory of the war. She had proved to the British navy that she was invincible.

A banquet was given in Faneuil Hall, at which ex-President Adams presided. Speeches of praise for the gallant leader and his crew were made, while "Old Ironsides" figured prominently. Congress voted a gold medal to Captain Hull, and silver medals to his officers. If there had been any doubt about the prowess of the American ships it was dispelled now.

The next commander of the *Constitution* was Captain William Bainbridge, formerly of the *Philadelphia* and now ranking as commodore. He sailed out of Boston on October 27, 1812, soon after "Old Ironsides" had won her first great victory. She was accompanied now by the *Hornet* which was finally left blockading a British ship in the harbor of Bahia, Brazil.

October 29, the *Constitution* sighted two sails, one of which proved to be a captive American vessel, and the other the British warship *Java*. It soon became evident on the deck of the *Constitution* that the enemy was anxious to secure another prize and so was intent on seizing her. Immediately Bainbridge hoisted

the American flag, when the *Java* flung out the British colors.

The British ship was fleeter than the *Constitution*. Commodore Bainbridge evened this by skillful maneuvering of his vessel. At 1:20 P. M. the American seamen had barely finished their after dinner smoke, when the order came to clear the deck for action.

Being the faster of the two ships the British frigate undertook to cross the stern of the *Constitution*. Bainbridge parried this effort and the two vessels were luffed up again on the port tack. So the two ran on about half a mile apart, until two o'clock when the *Java* opened fire. It was now evident that she was trying to rake the *Constitution*, but this was avoided each time by firing a broadside and then wearing around on the opposite tack, the maneuver concealed by the dense smoke from the firing.

From this time on the firing was almost unbroken. Smoke filled the air and concealed the vessels from each other, until they had come within musket shot. In this furious fighting Captain Bainbridge was wounded in the thigh, but as it was only a flesh wound he continued to direct the battle.

The swift *Java* tried to cross the bows of

the *Constitution*, and raked the deck with a hot fire. One of the shots from the *Java* hit the wheel near which Bainbridge was standing and drove a copper bolt deep into his leg. Now twice wounded the brave commander refused to go below, and while the surgeon was cutting out the bolt and bandaging his leg he gave out his orders to continue the battle.

Though the wheel had been damaged beyond use, there was a tiller below decks, with tackles to manage it. Midshipmen were stationed to pass the word from this tiller to the helmsman.

Meantime all was not well on board the *Java*. Her bowsprit and jib-boom went down, and as the ships came in contact her foremast was carried away. Captain Lambert, her brave commander, was mortally wounded by a shot from the maintop of the *Constitution*.

A few minutes later her maintopmast was crumpled by a shot above the cap, and at five minutes before four her mizzenmast went down. In a little over an hour of furious fighting the *Java* lay a complete wreck. Her last flag had fallen amid the wreckage, and the few guns left were useless.

Twenty minutes later, finding the guns of her enemy silenced, the *Constitution* wore

slightly ahead and began to examine her damages and to repair such of her rigging as needed it. At five P. M., apparently as good as new, she stationed herself off the bow of the *Java* and waited for the next movement of the stubborn British. Soon the signal of surrender came, and Bainbridge, unable to go himself, sent Lieutenant Parker on board the prize to take possession.

A sorry spectacle met his gaze. The deck was strewn with wreckage and the dead and dying, forty-eight having been killed and over a hundred wounded. Among all the rest was the dying Captain Lambert.

Against the loss of the British the Americans had only twelve killed and twice that number wounded. The British had fought as bravely as the Americans and no blame could attach itself to the commanding officers, as both vessels were handled with remarkable skill. The superior skill of the Americans with their guns won for them a victory when the odds had seemed so uneven.

Finding it impossible to take his prize into port, Captain Bainbridge removed the prisoners and valuable cargo; then the *Java* was set on fire. When the flames reached the powder, the brave ship was blown to pieces.

After accomplishing one of the great victories of the War of 1812, the *Constitution* returned to Boston, again the object of wild enthusiasm. Congress voted her gallant commander a gold medal, banquets were given, her officers and crew were remembered with silver medals and $50,000 in money and she was rechristened "Old Ironsides."

The Third Voyage

Upon her arrival in Boston after her thrilling adventure under Commodore Bainbridge, the *Constitution* was sent to the Navy Yard for a thorough overhauling. The third voyage in her career followed soon after. She was sent out under Captain Charles Stewart who will be remembered for his bravery in the Mediterranean during the stirring fight against the Tripolitans in 1804.

Captain Stewart took his ship out of Boston upon its adventurous voyage on December 18, 1814. Two months later he was off the coast of Madeira. Up to this time it looked as if he would not find any enemy ships. Overhearing a group of officers discussing this situation, Captain Stewart said:

"Don't worry, men. Before another sun shall rise and set you will have all you can do."

At noon on February 20, 1815, the lookout sighted a sail which lay a little off the port bow. The *Constitution* began to overhaul the stranger and in the course of an hour discovered a second sail. The first ship was now lifting and showed that she was a fifty-gun ship. Captain Stewart did not believe she was this large, but he said to his men:

"Let that be the case or not, I promised you a fight with two ships today and if we do not take this chance we shall lose it. We must flog them when we catch them, whether she has one gundeck or two."

The first ship sighted was the British frigate *Cyane* with false ports painted on her sides. Accompanying her was the sloop of war *Levant*. These British ships were evidently not to be frightened off, for as the *Constitution* bowled along the *Cyane* was seen to signal to her consort and a little later wore around in an attempt to join her.

At this stage "Old Ironsides" met with an accident. Under her spread of canvas the freshening breeze snapped the main royal mast off short. A lively fifteen minutes followed before the damage was overcome by a new mast being set with sails floating in the wind. Then pursuit was resumed.

At five o'clock the allied British ships were

close together, both stripped down to fighting trim. "Old Ironsides" had fired a few shots, all of which had fallen short of their mark. It was evident the foe thought it advisable to postpone the fighting until after dark when they might have an advantage. But this was not the purpose of Captain Stewart.

The *Constitution* soon wore around to their windward while one of the two ships lay off her port quarter and the other off her port bow. It was now six o'clock and Captain Stewart began to play his guns upon his enemies. They opened fire and for twenty minutes the batteries of the three vessels were kept active.

The smoke that now settled down over the scene was so dense that Stewart quite lost sight of his enemies. So he stopped firing in order to obtain the positions of the British vessels. The *Constitution* wore around so as to lie exactly opposite the *Levant*. The *Cyane* was now out of the range of her guns but preparing to luff across the stern of the *Constitution*.

Captain Stewart was not to be caught unawares. For the next twenty minutes such brilliant ocean tactics took place as have seldom been witnessed on the sea. Giving the

Levant a fearful broadside, Captain Stewart threw the sails of his main and mizzen masts back and braced in his foresails till they barely fluttered in the breeze. The result was that the *Constitution* was driven across the bow of the *Cyane*, so she was forced to luff away. A broadside from the Americans made the British frigate reel, and keeping this up Stewart cleared the guns of the British frigate, as the firing from her ceased for the time being.

Captain Stewart now turned swiftly upon the British sloop. Lying ahead of her mate and out of range of the firing, she began to luff so as to rake the American ship. Not to be outdone, Captain Stewart filled his sails and ran forward crossing the stern of the *Levant*, raking her with such a deadly fire that the British ship gave up the fight and made a hasty retreat.

The *Cyane* tried to follow her example, but the American commander put his ship on her track and crossing her stern gave her as raking a fire as he had given the *Levant*. He ranged alongside the British warship and in answer to a full broadside, her flag came down. One-half of the victory had been won.

It was now seen that the *Levant*, showing

too brave a spirit to desert a friend in trouble, was coming back to help her ally. Leaving his prize crew to look after the *Cyane*, Captain Stewart now turned his attention to capturing the other British ship. Broadsides were exchanged between the rival ships.

Confident now that the *Cyane* had surrendered, and seeing the hopelessness of continuing the fight, Captain Douglas of the *Levant* now sought to escape by flight. Not to be outdone in this respect, Captain Stewart gave furious chase, and at nine-thirty he was raking her deck with his bow-chasers. The result was inevitable. The *Levant* was now so crippled that she could not outsail her enemy and the British commander did all that he could do—he surrendered. So the double victory was won.

After this victory, the *Constitution*, accompanied by her two prizes put in at the harbor of Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands. The following morning while a thick fog hung over the water and the Americans were transferring their prisoners to a merchant ship, a large sail was seen above the mist entering the harbor. Presently two more appeared and knowing these were British ships, Captain Stewart felt he had been nicely trapped.

Realizing that only prompt action could save him, Captain Stewart immediately gave orders to sail. Cutting his cable he signaled to his transports to follow him, being careful not to display any canvas above the topsails. The enemy was entering by the south shore so Stewart quietly glided out on the east side.

Not until they were outside of the harbor did the British discover the spread of sail seen above the rim of the fog and give pursuit. The escape of the Americans immediately became a question of seamanship and sailing. Here they showed their superiority, effectually dodging both the ships and the cannon balls of their pursuers. The *Levant*, however, was recaptured by the three British frigates and returned to the protection of the guns of the fort at Porto Praya.

The *Cyane* reached New York the first of April, 1815. But it was not until May that the *Constitution* reached Boston, to learn then that the war had been over for some time. Captain Stewart and his crew were hailed as heroes while Congress and the legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania bestowed honors upon him. As this grand old ship had achieved the first important victory in the War of 1812, so she had won the last

victory and covered herself with glory. She had started when the nation was torn by political differences and restlessness. She finished when it had settled down to peace and confidence.

On the day after her matchless victory over the *Guerrière* she had been lovingly christened "Old Ironsides." "No other vessel in our Navy had so glorious a history. In her brilliant career she had captured three frigates and a sloop of war, seven times run a blockade, twice made remarkable escapes from squadrons, never lost a commander and never had more than nine men lost in any engagement." Thus wrote Charles Morris in his work "Heroes of the Navy."

But ships grow old as well as men. The time came when "Old Ironsides" had apparently won her last victory and must herself succumb to the ravages of age. Popular sentiment was strongly in favor of having her preserved and she was saved by a thrilling poem written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In recent years she was threatened with destruction but public sentiment again has come to her aid. She is now being rebuilt in the Boston Navy Yard and will remain as an honorable tie between the old navy and the

new. Since her first cruise in the summer of 1798 she has endeared herself to American hearts. Hundreds of pilgrims visit her from all parts of the country each year at the Boston Navy Yard where she rests in her old age.

To close this romance of New England legends, let us quote Holmes' famous poem:

OLD IRONSIDES

"Aye! tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle's shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

"O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.